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THE SIGNIFICANCE OF VIENNA

THE tale of Allied successes mounts apace. On he Eastern Front the fall of Königsberg, with ts powerful garrison of crack troops, has been ollowed by the capture, after stiff fighting, of Vienna. In the West, though the leading Allied columns are now far from their rail-head supplies, the momentum of the advance has been, on he whole, maintained: Hanover has fallen, and he invading forces are on the outskirts of Magdeburg and Weimar. Farther south they are closing steadily, if more slowly, on Nuremberg and Stuttgart. With the bulk of the Luftwaffe immobilised by fuel shortage, the enemy's land forces in the West have largely lost cohesion; and, though the number of relatively intact divisions still facing the Russians between Stettin and Silesia may be considerable, a final offensive by Marshals Zhukov and Koniev should rapidly lead to an Allied junction round Berlin.

Yet, as the curtains fall in the Wehrmacht, Nazi plans for a "five minutes past twelve" resistance continue to take shape on lines foreshadowed weeks ago in these columns. Bavaria and northern Italy—scene of the latest Allied offensive—are stubbornly defended; "werewolf" troops are being organised on serious, para-military lines; forces are being grouped for a sacrificial stand in Emden, Bremen, Hamburg and Kiel; above all, Holland is garrisoned by 100,000 soldiers, stiffened by desperate Dutch S.S. units, under orders to deny Rotterdam and Amsterdam to the Allies at all costs, even if every sea-dyke has to be breached. Should the Netherlands be given over to protracted amphibious warfare, the fate of the Dutch population will be too terrible to contemplate. If enough German soldiers are still willing to die in furtherance of Hitler's Götterdämmerung conception of defeat, it may be too late now to save Holland from catastrophe. But here, we should have thought, is a real opportunity for political warfare, circumscribed though its operations may be by the "unconditional surrender" formula. It might surely be emphasised by leaflet and radio that the destruction of the ports at the mouths of the Rhine, Weser and Elbe will ultimately be paid for by the German people —cut off, as they thus will be, from access to seaborne supplies. Too little has yet been done by Anglo-American propaganda to appeal to the German people to refuse to aid and abet their self-immolation in a romantic Wagnerian twilight, with the Führer making his last stand in a Redoubt ringed by blazing cities.

Hopes, however, that the Redoubt may at least be shorn of Bohemia are encouraged by the Russian capture of Vienna. If the Red Army can succeed in advancing up the Danube to Linz and Passau, it should link up with General Patch's troops in the area of Regensburg. Czechoslovakia may prove to be more fortunate than Holland. Meanwhile, military considerations apart, it is plain that the Russians have decided views on the political future of Austria "liberated" by Marshal Tolbukhin's exertions. So far as can be judged from the line taken by *Pravda* and Moscow radio, U.S.S.R. policy is to adhere to the letter of the Moscow Declaration in which all the Allies promised Austria "independence." Resistance in Austria is being given credit for even more than its real military value, and Yugoslav claims to strips of Austrian territory are being severely discouraged. "Independence," however, is construed strictly in terms of severance of all links, economic and cultural, with Germany; Austrian democrats who favoured union with the Weimar Republic are dubbed indiscriminately, and quite unfairly, "Pan-Germans"; and Moscow is already making it plain that, though Austria is recognised as being a predominantly Catholic country (in which, incidentally, Communism is handicapped by its identification in the past with unpopular pro-Semitism), no Ultramontane brand of Catholicism, looking to a federation of Catholic States under the Vatican's ægis, will be tolerated.

We have yet to learn whether Marshal Tolbukhin will be instructed to form immediately a Provisional Austrian Government. The Russians are likely to insist on reviving the democratic Constitution abrogated in 1934, but, as Austria is to have a Tripartite Occupation, Washington and London will doubtless be consulted before an Austrian administration is formed. We welcome the promptness with which the Russians have invited British and American correspondents to Vienna, and trust that they will speedily be followed by Missions charged with the task of collaborating whole-heartedly with the Russians in the settlement and reconstruction of Austria. Vienna, with its fine Socialist and anti-Fascist record, may yet have a big part to play as the cultural centre of South-East Europe or even (it may be) as the seat of a European Division of the World Council. Here, more readily than anywhere, can a pioneering start be made in the international integration of rail, river and power systems in the Danube valley. It is on progress in that direction that the future peace and prosperity of the Continent will depend when the guns are silent. Vienna will provide a crucial test of the ability and willingness of the Big Three to work practically in unison.

The Fall of Plastiras

The Plastiras Cabinet had been tottering for several weeks, but its fall was due to an ancient indiscretion of its Premier. The General could not survive the publication of a letter, written in 1941, in which he recounted his efforts to secure German mediation to bring the Graeco-Italian conflict to an end. His successor, Admiral Voulgaris, is the Royalist sailor who suppressed the revolt of the Greek Navy in Egyptian waters with British aid. His "non-political" Cabinet of eight men includes five professors, a banker and a second Admiral. It is said to be evenly balanced between four Royalists and four Republicans, but it is clear from the jubilation of the "Populist" Right and the anger of the Left that few Greeks expect it to act impartially. Apart from the use of terrorist tactics and the purge in the Church and the universities that led to the dismissal of Professor Svolos and the two bishops who supported E.A.M., the Right relies chiefly on the economic needs of Greece to bring back the King when a plebiscite is taken. Greece cannot recover from its ruins without generous foreign aid, and this (so runs the argument) the British will give only to a restored monarchy. We hope that Mr. Eden's emphatic assurance in the House of Commons on March 28th that British relief would not be affected by the result of the plebiscite or of the general elections has been widely publicised in Greece. The protest of twelve leading Greek democrats against the unrepresentative character of the new Cabinet suggests that the Greek Left may still be capable of cohesion.

Argentina Joins the Squad

After its compliance with the demands of the Pan-American Conference by a nominal declaration of war upon the Axis Powers, the government of General Farrell has been taken back into favour by the Allies. This dictatorship will now be fully recognised, and the Ambassadors of Great Britain and the U.S.A. are returning to their posts. This cynical performance strips the war in the Western hemisphere of any ideological meaning. Argentina is now under a regime even more Fascist than that of Brazil, which has long enjoyed the good graces of the State Department. And there is this difference in the two cases. Brazilian dictatorship is an ugly but deep rooted growth of long standing, whereas the Argentine had preserved some of the realities of the democratic tradition, until Farrell and his colonels swept them away. Had the British and American Governments made less haste to recognise these usurpers, democracy stood a good chance of restoration.

Next Step in India

The hope that Lord Wavell's sojourn in London will lead to the early release of the Congress prisoners is still bright. Indeed, after the return of the former Congress Ministers to office, first in the N.W. Frontier Province and now in Assam, it is absurd to delay, for both these provincial governments have released their local political prisoners. On the other hand, the outlook in Bengal is darker, for there the Governor, Mr. Casey, has gone back to bureaucratic rule. Meanwhile, the Conciliation Committee, over which Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru presided, has published its findings. It begins by calling for the release of the prisoners and the restoration of provincial autonomy. Next it calls for a Royal Proclamation which should declare India "an independent State in no way inferior to any other Dominion," even though the framing of its Constitution may be subject to some delay. This is a valuable suggestion, for it would be perhaps the best evidence we could give of our sincerity. The proposals for setting up an interim regime by amending the Act of 1935 seem to us less happy. The simpler plan is to confer on the Viceroy's Council, drawn as it would have to be from the leading parties, the status of a National Government "by convention." The Sapru plan then goes on to outline the Constitution of the future Federation, which may start with the provinces alone, leaving the States to adhere later. In the constituent body which is to adopt it, Hindus and Muslims should each have 51 seats out of a total of 160. This proposal of parity is a big concession for Hindus to make: in return the Report suggests the abandonment of separate electorates—a most desirable reform, though it may be too early to propose it. The idea of Pakistan is flatly rejected. The comments of the Muslim press are as contemptuous as it is possible to be, and Mr. Jinnah, in rejecting the Report, has even declared that "Islam is in danger." The Hindu Mahasabha is equally hostile. This attitude from the two extremes was to be expected. It should not deter the British Government from taking promptly the first obvious steps towards a settlement.

The Splinter Parties of the Left

The Easter Conferences of the smaller parties of the Left threw little light on the problem of progressive unity at the forthcoming election. The Independent Labour Party agreed by a narrow majority to seek reaffiliation to the Labour Party, but attached conditions, amounting to a comprehensive proclamation of continued independence, that leave little chance of its overtures being accepted unless the conditions are greatly modified. Common Wealth expressed a readiness for further negotiations, but also affirmed its right to contest seats even against Labour candidates, when it does not regard them as sound on the Socialist goose. Finally, the Co-operative Party rejected a proposal that it should become affiliated to the Labour Party, but instructed its leaders to seek the closest possible electoral arrangement. Of these three "parties," the Co-operatives matter most, but are in practice least likely to give serious trouble to Transport House. Their differences with Labour are in the main not over policy: they arise over matters of organisation. Co-operative candidates have always stood as Labour candidates, and Co-operative M.P.s have always counted as "Labour" in the House of Commons. The question is whether the local Co-operative Societies on which the Co-operative Party is based are to be treated, in the nomination and selection of candidates, as if they were branches of Trade Unions, or are to receive fuller recognition of their local importance. Transport House is disposed to argue that the Co-operatives ought to be content to rank on an equality with any other local body: the Co-operatives retort that they represent more voters than all the Trade Unions put together, and that to accept the status of other affiliated bodies would mean being utterly submerged. It looks as if they are right; and the upshot will probably be another somewhat ambiguous arrangement which will give rise to friction in some areas, but will work out tolerably well in most.

To Build or to Postpone

The new Education Act is a programme, not an accomplished fact. If the more cautious and reactionary Authorities are not galvanised into full activity by the pressure of public opinion, it will be another unfulfilled promise. Take the question of school buildings. The Executive Council of the County Councils Association has before it a report on this subject which suggests, among other things, the apparently indefinite postponement "of the building of such portions of the school as can be dispensed with," including, for instance, assembly halls for rural schools and new classrooms for smaller classes. Building is, of course, bound to present difficult problems of priorities, but our job is to overcome them, where necessary by a free use of temporary structures, not to use them as excuses for inaction. We welcome the Ministry's sharp criticism of the C.C.A.'s attempt to procrastinate.

The Water Bill

There is a provision in the Water Bill now before Parliament which merits greater attention than has at present been given to it. By virtue of Clause 9(1)(d) and (2), the Minister of Health can compel one water undertaking to take over another. During the Committee stage, the Labour Party moved an amendment to prevent the Minister from handing over a municipal undertaking to a company. This amendment was defeated by 20 votes to 14, the Minister defending the power he sought on the grounds that the White Paper did not abolish company undertakings. We recall that a similar provision in the Macgowan Report on retail distribution of electricity nullified the Report's value. There is an overwhelming case for the complete municipalisation of water supply, and resentment at the retrogressive powers granted to the Minister will not be confined to socialists

The Potters' Plan

The National Society of Pottery Workers has issued a report on "Reconstruction in the Pottery Industry," demanding a continuance of Government licensing in order to bring about the thorough technical reorganisation which the industry needs. The average unit of production is small; and, though a few of the small firms are specialists turning out wares of high quality, in the great majority of cases the small unit is producing goods of poor standard by methods whi are technically obsolete. The Society wants prevent these inefficient units from resumin production, and holds that the right way of brin ing about a higher standard of both quality an productivity lies in a strict enforcement of th Factory Act of 1937, Government control wages and prices, a new system of apprentic ship, and a ruthless scrapping of old factori Over and above this, the Society urges pub control of distribution through a system of bu purchase under "utility" specifications, so to prevent a slipping back to "the ol uneconomic medley of designs." It argues th "the mass production of standardised ware, higher quality and better design than the pres utility goods, would provide a sound basis for ef ciency in the industry." Public ownership, thoug regarded as "the ultimate solution," is ruled o as impracticable for the time being; and Sta control is put forward as an interim alternati A number of Trade Unions in the smaller i dustries appear to be forming plans not unli this for pottery. The manufacturers, no doub feel differently. In the pottery industry they a intensely individualistic and for the most pa quite unconvinced of the need for fundamen reorganisation. But pottery is one of the thin Great Britain must "export to live"; and witho a technical revolution the industry stands a po chance in the world market.

A Check to the Vandals

Bodmin Moor has been saved; but the amen ties of the Tummel and the Garry are still danger from the Scottish Hydro-Electric Boar The two committees which were appointed und the Hydro-Electric Development Act to examin the Board's project from the standpiont of amen ties and of fisheries respectively have both ported against it; but the Board announces th it does not propose to accept their recommenda tions. This means that a public enquiry will held in accordance with the Act. It is difficu to believe that the project will be allowed to on in face of the strong line taken by the Amenit Committee. The Board's plans, it is pointed ou would involve flooding the Tummel Valley almo to the top of the Falls and destroying a numb of walks and beauty spots which are easily acce sible to tourists and highly valued. The Fisheri Committee points out that the salmon spawnin grounds on the upper Garry would be destroye and the Amenity Committee that the Falls Bruar would disappear. Tourism will be so im portant an industry in post-war Britain, both f the British and for foreign visitors who will brin much-needed exchange, that even on commerci grounds there can be no good case for these con templated acts of vandalism.

PARLIAMENT : Fresh for the Fray

Wednesday afternoon

MEMBERS returned full of beans and party gus from the electoral controversies and manœuvres the Recess. There was a distinctly more partisa note than usual in the cheers and counter-cheers question-time on Tuesday, and the slightest hint aside by the Prime Minister was greeted with know ing laughter. In the evening, however, Conserva tives and Socialists united to harry the Secretary State for Air—perhaps the more gladly because is a Liberal—on the question of Transport Com mand crashes. Frank Bowles brought off a notab coup by successfully moving the adjournment of th House in order to discuss these; the Speaker h accepted such a motion only two or three times living Parliamentary memory. Hugh Molson spo admirably, and less ponderously than usual. Bo Morrison convulsed the House with his account himself as an Innocent Abroad, suffering the frea and hazards of air travel. Sinclair's reply w notably flabby; he did not agree to the Select Com mittee that had been demanded; but he did reitera emphatically that important passengers were not e allowed to bring pressure on pilots to fly against eir better judgment.

A short and sad debate on bomb-damage repair as squeezed in before this. Key made a strong ctual case: too "gay and rosy" a picture had een painted of the work actually done.

At question-time, the Prime Minister refused inexibly to reconsider the question of a gratuity for e W.L.A. "One must be very careful," he said, in a Parliament which is in its closing phase, not to embark on a competition for winning popularity, for any party, without due regard to the public and financial consequences."

The "Members for Poland" were present in force on Wednesday. When one of them showed anxiety for the welfare of the Polish Prime Minister's wife, now released by the Soviet authorities but still allegedly required to report to the police daily, Hopkinson interjected, "Are any other Prime Ministers' wives in danger?" PONTIFEX MINOR

SECURITY AND WELFARE

OR half a year the draft Constitution which the nited Nations will consider at San Francisco has een under the world's scrutiny. It has been ariously judged from several diverse standpoints. veryone has asked whether it will deliver us om the haunting fear of another world-war. onservative Americans are anxious lest it should emand from them too large a surrender of their vereignty. The smaller States are concerned lest should stereotype as a formal right the preminence which in fact the Great Powers possess. thers would frame the testing question in rather ider terms. After six years of total war, in what egree does it promise to substitute the rule of w and the sway of disinterested opinion for at of the big battalions? Finally—a test we ould stress—does it promise to organise manind and its resources effectively for mutual aid nd the positive ends of welfare in the economic eld? If it will do that, its political imperfections ay turn out to be less serious than they seem on first scrutiny. An organisation that confers ubstantial economic benefits on its members will ome to command their loyalty and will develop them all an international outlook and a sense f mutual interdependence. If the common man as good reason to believe that his daily bread nd his hopes of full employment depend in large easure upon it, it will draw from this positive ervice a prestige that will enable it to ensure eace in the hour of crisis.

The doubts about the new Organisation centre the privileges which the Great Powers have eserved to themselves. Any one of them has the ight to veto any joint action, whether by ecoomic or military sanctions, for the enforcement f peace: it can also veto any change in the Contitution. This means, as everyone perceives, that e Organisation cannot coerce a Great Power ent on aggressive conduct. But it means even ore than this. A Great Power can use its veto frustrate disciplinary measures in any emerency whatever. It may, for example, protect one f its satellites who threatens an unoffending eighbour. This is a crude way of stating the ase. Such instances will be rare, and if they hould be obvious and flagrant, they would break e Organisation. What is likely to happen is omething rather more subtle and elusive. A mall Power subjected to undue pressure or unelcome penetration by a Great Power will hesiate to appeal for redress to the Security Council, ecause it knows that in the last resort the Counil could not shelter it by threatening the Great ower with sanctions. It is true that the new rganisation has "teeth," but it can use them nly against an isolated small Power or a disrmed ex-enemy. The consequence is easy to oresee. Every small Power will have to shelter nder the wings of one of the giants, to whose olicy of its own will have to conform. It will be ortunate if it manages to preserve some vestige f autonomy in its internal affairs.

This defect is irremediable, given the present istribution of force in the world and the efusal of the Great Powers to yield a vestige f sovereignty. The former balance of power, uch as it was, will be upset by the eliminaon as Great Powers of Germany and Japan. resident Wilson realised that the old-world roblem of the balance of power would merge in a new form in the League of Nations. t was on that ground that he proposed after e last war a great increase in America's naval strength. He foresaw that the League could apply sanctions in case of need to a Great Power only if it could always command an overwhelming superiority of guns and tonnage against any single navy. Even so, as he also foresaw, it would be necessary to forbid alliances between members. Neither of these conditions can be fulfilled today. There is no such balance as he prescribed and there are alliances. Nothing would now serve to arm the Security Council with irresistible authority, save a remedy so radical that it lies at present out of reach. This is, of course, that we should create a true International Force, recruited, armed, paid and commanded by the United Nations, as an organic unit. It would follow in logic that each member should then retain only such lightly armed forces as it may need for the preservation of internal order. The only rational solution of the problem of military power is that it should be owned and wielded by a universal international organisation, and by it alone. To this mankind will have to come, if we mean to make an end of war. A practical step would be the creation of an organically international air arm. Mr. Churchill used to favour this idea and so did the Labour Party—while the French have always advocated this and even more. Combined with some scaling down of national armaments, it would carry us a long way towards our goal.

Since the Security Council will be unable in the cases that matter most to use coercion, it follows that we must rely mainly on its moral prestige, or on that of the Assembly. There are clauses in the Dumbarton Oaks draft, which might with advantage be more explicit, providing for the reference of all disputes to some form of third-party judgment. Paper charters are not enough. A weak state may fear to use its right of appeal to the Council. The Council itself may deny justice by delaying it. The overbearing Great Power may create an accomplished fact before the Council has even placed the question on its agenda. Finally, when the case is considered, how far will the votes of the Great Powers (not to mention their satellites) be cast impartially on the merits of the case? Foreign Offices are not trained to think judicially: their art is to bargain on the principle of *do ut des*. A Foreign Secretary is chosen and paid to act as the watchdog of a Great Power's imperial interests. He will not suddenly acquire an international mind when his plane lands him at the Council's headquarters. He aims sincerely at a good relationship with the other Great Powers: the easiest way to secure it may be to recognise their supremacy within their spheres of interest in return for a like favour. While that system prevails, we cannot expect even-handed justice from the Security Council. Its proper sphere is executive action, since the main burden of any measures it agrees to take will fall on the armed forces of the Big Three.

If we hope to restore the rule of law and the influence of disinterested opinion, ought we not to create, side by side with this Executive Council, a standing deliberative and consultative council, which should report to it both on the state of the world and on the merits of particular disputes? If the findings and recommendations of this Consultative Council were published, as of right, they would focus world-opinion in a way that even a Great Power would find it difficult to disregard. The Dutch are repeating to-day a suggestion which the Swiss made in the early days of the League. It is that the Assembly should elect a standing Council for this purpose on the basis of individual merit. It should not represent Governments as such. It should consist of men whose known integrity and international outlook have won trust for them beyond the frontiers of their homeland. This concession the Big Three might be induced to make, if the progressives of their own countries joined the smaller States in demanding it.

There are other ways in which the Assembly might be strengthened. Its function is to represent opinion, whereas the Security Council stands for power. The hope of any substantial advance in international life depends on getting away from the idea of the national sovereign State conceived as a monolithic block, which moves as a solid unit, because its main function is to wield military power. Starting with that conception it was logical that each national delegation should vote as a single whole. Is it Utopian to suggest that delegations should be elected on a proportional basis by each national Parliament and that their members should vote as individuals? This would further the organisation of opinion across frontiers. The Assembly would no longer be divided into exclusive national units, linked at the best by military alliances: it would sort itself out into groups and parties based on a common ideology. It follows that the number of seats allotted to each delegation should bear some rough relation to population and resources taken together. The fiction of the equality of sovereign States has had its day.

These questions of political machinery have their importance, but they are trifles in comparison with the main business of giving reality to the Social and Economic Council. Only if it works can the whole Organisation come alive. The Draft Constitution proposes that this Council of eighteen States shall co-ordinate the work of all the specialised institutions grouped round the World-Organisation—the Bank, the I.L.O., the Food Office, the Air Control and others still to be created. In this case also we would suggest that an elected Council of trusted individuals would be more satisfactory than any representation of States as such. Whether it means much or little will depend on whether it adopts some clearly defined objectives and pursues them boldly and with consistency. First among these we would place full employment. Hardly second to it comes the duty of raising the standards of life of the depressed agricultural peoples throughout the world up to the level of the advanced industrial populations. These two ends are in fact complementary, for every step we take to equip China and India, Poland and Nigeria, means work and prosperity for Detroit and Coventry.

A full use of the Bank to guide the flow of investment into channels that serve these ends would give the Council the means of realising a world-wide economic plan. Regional organisation is favoured in the Draft for purposes of security. It is even more obviously necessary to promote it in the economic field. We doubt the wisdom of creating any regional political organisation for Europe, since it could not be all-inclusive. We dread a dissection of the Continent into Western and Russian zones. But a grouping of Europe, East and West together, is possible for economic purposes and will entail no political dangers. Under the World Council it should work for the same ends, and should include in its scope such matters as the control of railways, air services, electricity and investment, on a continental scale. Dangerous German industries might well be placed under it. The best way to set it going would be to improvise an authority at once to deal with the urgent problems of this coming winter. Famine will have to be fought, and then in the enemy countries no less than the liberated lands, shelters must be erected to house the workers whose labour will have to rebuild what war has destroyed. An organisation that began by reconstructing the ruins would win for itself a loyalty more potent to further security than any fear of coercion.

WHAT NEXT IN JAPAN?

It must have been obvious to the Japanese Government for some time that, from the Russian point of view, the Neutrality Pact had outlived its usefulness and the moment for a readjustment of Russian Far Eastern policy was fast approaching. Yet the denunciation of the pact was the last straw, and the Koiso Government resigned almost within the hour of the official announcement. It is unlikely that even a stronger Cabinet than Koiso's could have survived this rude blow, and Koiso's days were strictly numbered in any case. Incessant bombing and the threat of imminent invasion of the Japanese homeland would have driven it out of office before very long.

The Koiso Government, which took office when no more reshuffling could save the Tojo administration, was probably the most incompetent and helpless Japan has ever had. During the nine months of its life, from July 21st, 1944, to April 5th, 1945, it was not able to score a single point of even fleeting value. It is true that it inherited a formidable task, but it showed singular ineptitude in its attempts to tackle it.

Although Koiso had taken care to surround himself with experienced career bureaucrats and big business representatives to give his Cabinet a broader political basis, he merely repeated all Tojo's familiar measures. Each military setback was followed by the creation of a new "advisory" body, and each of these was hailed as the decisive measure to bring "certain victory." Koiso organised an average of one major Board a month, and the "definite" four-point programme for mobilising Japan's total national energies which his Cabinet adopted in July when it first came into office was succeeded in January by a five-point programme of "emergency" measures on the same old formula. On August 5th, after the landing on Guam, Koiso set up his "supreme war council for the direction of the war." Little has been heard of it since. On November 29th the first Super-Fortress attack on Tokio gave Japan a grand overall Production Board called the "major policy promotion council," which was to coordinate the activities of all the other Boards and councils and "expedite production and eliminate bottlenecks." On March 16th Koiso secured for himself special powers to take part in all meetings of the Japanese High Command and chiefs of staff, and the following day he formed a "Supreme Council of War Directives" to unify Japanese air, sea and land strategy. By this time the enemy was virtual master of the Philippines, had captured Iwojima, established a firm foothold in the Ryukyu archipelago and was subjecting the Japanese homeland to almost uninterrupted, merciless bombing. A point had been reached where the Government admitted openly that a physical invasion by the enemy of Formosa or the Japanese mainland, or both, had become not only a possibility but a probability.

Koiso tried to pull things together. A drastic reshuffle of Japanese generals, affecting almost all commands throughout Japan and Korea, was announced a fortnight ago, showing "the resolute determination of the army to transform the Japanese homeland into a battlefield." An all-out mobilisation Act, involving all Japanese males between the ages of 12 and 60 and all women from 12 to 40, came into force on March 10th. A week later practically the entire educational system was suspended, with the closing of all classes in Japanese schools, colleges and universities for one year in order to "mobilise students for national defence and war production." An attempt was made, simultaneously, to overhaul the country's civil defence which had not stood up to the Super-Fortresses, and on March 15th the total evacuation of Japan's five largest cities—Tokyo, Osaka, Nagoya, Yokohama and Kobe—was ordered. At the end of February all public and private construction enterprises—builders, engineers and technicians—were organised in a Government-controlled compulsory "War Construction Corporation, modelled on the Nazi Todt Organisation, with the main task, it seems, of dismantling, removing and re-establishing damaged or threatened vital war industries. Finally, there appeared on March 23rd, under the name of "Volunteer Defence Corps," the Japanese *Volkssturm.*

This brought Koiso up sharply against the Fascist extremists and produced a significant political manœuvre to pacify the home front. The idea of forming local Home Guard units dates back to last August when the Government charged the Imperial Army Reserve Association under General Inouye with the task of mobilising all its reservists, recruiting additional "volunteers" among peasants and workers, and supervising their training. In March, 1945, General Inouye announced that this force would be called upon to make good the losses in the Army and Navy, which means in practice that Japan is now calling up the age groups over 40, since military service is compulsory for all men between 17 and 40.

This is where Japan's most rabid Fascist, Colonel Kingoro Hashimoto, of "Ladybird" fame, came in and went out. As leader of the youth organisation of the Imperial Rule Assistance Association (the Japanese monopoly party) and the Association's vice-president, he had, together with the "League of Patriotic Comrades," set up special Assault Detachments, ostensibly to defend Japan in case of invasion, but equally useful in a Radicalist *coup d'état.* These stormtroop formations, the counterpart to Hitler's S.A., were private guards of dissatisfied militarists and politicians drawing their main support, paradoxically, from the I.R.A.A., which was supposed to represent the platform on which rested the Government's authority. Koiso solved this tangle by his one bold stroke as Premier. He forced Hashimoto to resign the vice-presidency of the I.R.A.A., dissolved the party and replaced it by a new totalitarian organisation, the Dai Nippon Seijikai (Great Japan Political Association), which was inaugurated on March 30th, 1945. Admiral Kobayashi and Col. Hashimoto, president and vice-president of the old party, left the political scene, and Hashimoto's Stormtroopers now have to merge themselves in the new civilian Special Attack Corps, which is part of the Japanese *Volkssturm,* and controlled directly by the War Minister. The new party, allegedly more broadly based, has been given 72-year-old General Minami as its president.

Admiral Suzuki's new Cabinet, however, differs from its predecessor in that it has no colour at all. The Premier is 77 years old, and has been dragged from retirement. The composition of his team suggests that most of the better-known political and military leaders declined to associate themselves with the last act of the Japanese spectacle which is about to begin. Shrewd Foreign Minister Shigemitsu has gone, and in his place appears, rather significantly, Shigenori Togo, who was Tojo's Foreign Minister at the time of Pearl Harbour and who, as Japanese Ambassador to Moscow, prepared the Neutrality Pact which has now been denounced. His appointment does not suggest that Suzuki's Cabinet envisages surrender or peace negotiations. The key post of Minister of Munitions (Japan's chief bottleneck) goes to Toyoda, a discarded Foreign Minister, and the equally important Home Ministry to Genki Abe, a former Police Prefect of Tokyo. It is a makeshift Cabinet of colourless nonentities in which the only prominent member is Navy Minister Admiral Yonai who, after the recent naval disaster, will command hardly more respect or authority than the rest of his colleagues. More important are the Service appointments. A complete reshuffle has brought in Field-Marshals Sugiyama and Hata as joint Chiefs of the Army General Staff, and they, together with Terauchi, Kawabe, Okamura, Diohara, and the rest of the new commanders, are certainly uncompromising "last-ditchers." The old Manchuria gang is still firmly in the saddle without assuming direct responsibility for the Government, and, as long as they are, this or any other Government must ride with them.

What can Suzuki do save follow the line Tojo and Koiso and muddle along, even unsuccessfully, in order to resign in his when the next major crisis occurs? This presumably be when American troops set on the Japanese mainland or when the So Union finally shows what hand she inte to play in the liquidation of the Far Eas conflict and the replacement of the Greater Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere by a new Pa Security System. It is idle, at this point speculate on the territorial and political cla which Russia may have in the Far East. W requires urgent discussion now between Brit the United States and the Soviet Union is material fate of Japan proper. It is by no me impossible that, once a foothold has been gai on the Japanese mainland, its conquest may swift and crushing, particularly if help from M churia, on which Tokyo will then have to fails to come through owing to Russian interv tion. It is equally possible that conquest wil slow and painful. In either event the victori Allies will find themselves faced with the of controlling—which means, in fact, gove ing—another 80 million numbed, stun apathetic and, politically, illiterate people ami gigantic heap of ruins, in addition to the 60 lion Germans they have taken on themsel What is to happen to the hundreds of million liberated, but politically unemancipated, Asia whose welfare and prosperity will be among primary responsibilities? If the job of gover 80 million unconditionally surrendered Japa is tackled with no more foresight than has shown in the case of occupied Germany, Allies may soon find that it is, in every s of the word, too much for them. They will to determine the place which a living Japa to occupy in the general scheme of things East Asia and what minimum conditions are quired to enable her to occupy that place w out becoming a permanent liability to the wh of her neighbours. Preferably these broad d sions should be taken before Allied soldiers on Japanese soil. It is hard to believe that St has not developed some ideas already in direction, and one would like to think that has told Mr. Churchill and President Roose about them. If he has, the time has come make them public.

A LONDON DIARY

Nobody who knows the Labour Party, or Attlee in particular, will believe that any plot breaking the Coalition came from that quar It might have been better if the Labour Pa had had the confidence and manœuvring deliberately to choose an issue on which to m the ultimate break. In fact, the glove was thro down by the Tories. Beaverbrook and Bren Bracken have been straining at the leash months, longing to wind up the M.O.I. and façade of National Unity and get down to good old game of slanging their opponents, pretending that, if we only put Tories into pow everybody will make a lot of money quic Churchill was playing the Party game in speech at the Conservative Conference when tried to drive a wedge between the Labour lead by saying that some of them were "disguste with a policy of all-round universal nationalisat —which, in fact, none of them advocates. T got under Ernest Bevin's skin, as it was, no dou intended to do. He hit back with a sensible forthright speech to which Bracken respon with characteristic punning on the word "ent prise." As if enterprise was the exclusive prope of business men, unshared by Montgomery any fighting soldier who, somehow or oth manages to avoid Socialistic stagnation on battlefield without the incentive of frequent r in his scale of pay! Greenwood very prope retorted that the war had been won by pub enterprise. And so unreal controversy goes

The real issues of the coming election should clear enough. Foreign policy issues cut across rty and are not yet crystallised. Controls are ly in question in the sense that a Tory victory ells an increasing tendency towards private nopoly and the economic dependence of mmon people, while a Labour victory would an an increase in public monopoly, with a eater substance of freedom for the small man. e men who come back from the war will want, imarily, houses, the assurance of full employnt and social services. If the Oliver Lytteltons d Brendan Brackens win, we shall get a boom llowed by another slump, no control of investnt, stagnant pools of unemployment, and the hole dreary round of unplanned economic sery that, spread all over the world, was the ermath of the last war and a prelude to this war. Labour wins, it will be compelled to have a ot at the organisation of the national wealth r the public good; it will certainly carry out an vestment policy designed to iron out slumps and oms; it will stand or fall by its capacity to give ople houses and maintain the standard of living. e issues, in a word, are the control of finance d the structure of industry.

* * *

The newspapers have very properly been printg in their full horror detailed reports and photoaphs from German camps which have fallen o the Allies' hands. These atrocities are not rprising to those of us who were trying to make e public interested in German concentration mps between 1933 and 1939. But there are obably many people without imagination who ve only just realised their significance. All the idence from German towns which the Allies ve entered in Central Germany shows that the ss of Germans were even more ignorant of se horrors than the British. They have no ilty feelings about the war because they have ver understood what it was about. They think at all the Allies declared war on Germany and, owing nothing, they are just bewildered by nonternisation. Obviously, British propaganda s failed to reach most of them. It will now be cessary to begin exhibitions and films to tell em in what kind of world they are living and hy they are not popular outside the Reich.

* * *

In the Rhineland the population was dazed and ell-shocked. But in the undamaged regions any farmers and small townsmen show not erely relief but, on the evidence of more than e correspondent, active friendliness. The emy for many of them is the S.S. and the Party hich has brought ruin on their Fatherland. After l their relatives and neighbours were the first mates of the concentration camps. A startling t of news from Frankfort-on-the-Main has ached me, which for some obscure reason has t found its way into the press. As the Americans proached this heavily bombed city the citizens nbodied in a sort of Home Guard (Bürgerwehr) tually attacked the S.S. and drove it out. note that several British correspondents, after porting instances of German friendliness, now aw the conclusion that the ban on ternisation cannot be sustained. It encourages e "worst elements" in the occupying army and scourages the difficult job of discovering who are e right people and who are the wrong. The cupying armies cannot avoid setting up German cal authorities whose prime task will be to cope th the problem of food and shelter for millions homeless Germans—to say nothing of the en more pressing problem of the millions of displaced persons" of all nationalities, now ekking their way home, forced to live like custs on the country.

* * *

Mr. Stefan Litauer, who is contributing to e *News Chronicle* important articles based on s personal investigations in Poland, reports at the Soviets and Lublin Government have ready made considerable headway in their land and other social reforms. He also estimates that Poland, without the territory east of the Curzon Line and without the millions of Jews and others who have been killed by the Nazis, may have a population after the war of 18,000,000 instead of 35,000,000. Even if we assume a substantial transference of the Polish minority from Eastern Poland to East Prussia, this still leaves Poland with a shortage of man-power and raises the question whether there can be any sense or justification in the proposal that Pomerania and Brandenburg should be taken over by Poland. If the Germans leave these areas, they are in danger of becoming deserts.

* * *

The London Cypriots have issued this week a story of action by the British police in Cyprus so shocking that it should be probed by question and answer in the House. On March 25th, according to this account, a crowd of about two hundred people, carrying Greek flags was peacefully leaving church at the little village of Lefkonico, after celebrating the anniversary of Greek independence, when the police opened fire on them at point-blank range. A boy, it is said, was killed and twelve persons wounded. Is it true that the display of the Greek flag—the flag of a very gallant Ally—is in itself an offence?

* * *

Switzerland, writes a correspondent, is like an Oppenheim novel. "Spies and false passports abound: £100 Bank of England notes are offered for the equivalent of £25. They were probably picked up by the S.S. in occupied Europe: 'Don't be afraid,' you are told, 'they are complete with a Bank rubber stamp' (forged, undoubtedly). My neighbour in the Schweizerhof is reading the *Völkischer Beobachter*. He is probably from the British press department. And on the other side of the café a colleague from the German Pressestelle is enjoying the London *Times*. I am satisfied to indulge in the week-end *Neue Zürcher Zeitung*, which lavishly offers you some 30 pages in a single issue.

In the Bernerhof the trade delegations from England, the U.S.A. and France are wrestling with almost insuperable difficulties. 'How can we completely stop the Gotthard through traffic,' the Swiss ask. 'We have an agreement with Germany.' But stop it they will, or the food which they have piled up in French and Portuguese ports cannot come through. And the Swiss are tightening their belts. Germany has stopped sending coal, and gas is now rationed to one hour per day. Hot baths are often communal undertakings. Almost everything is rationed. I saw little Swiss chocolate and never an egg. And for my modest cup of coffee I had to surrender half a meal coupon. But watches! Gubelin, in Lucerne, has more watches in stock than all the shops in the West End of London."

* * *

My correspondent adds an encouraging account of the Swiss attitude to refugees, military, political and racial, of whom, he says, there are about 100,000 sheltering in Switzerland. Of the 120,000 tourist beds normally available more than 100,000 are occupied by guests from Hitler's new Europe.

"I visited," he writes, "the camps where refugees who have recently arrived from Bergen-belsen and Terezin are housed. Many are still dazed at this brave new world. To look down on Montreux, after torture and starvation, is a dream. At first, I was told, parents refused to allow the doctors to handle their children. In Germany the children were taken to gas-chambers, in Switzerland a new life begins for them—*wohin*? Von Steiger, the able and amiable president of the Confederation, told me that the gates of Switzerland would be opened to all men of good will, and to any refugees who can still escape.

* * *

Dean Inge is quite right in saying that most Germans did not want this war. But the *naïveté* of this statement in the *Evening Standard* article of April 10 is almost incredible.

I do not think that the mass of the German people wanted this war, though they did welcome the war of 1914. I judge from what I have heard from several trustworthy people, especially from Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

CRITIC

GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

The end of the Coalition will be reached by a gentleman's agreement.—*News Chronicle*, April 11th.

When week-end Party passions rage
And major Ministers engage
In mutual detraction,
In foreign States it is presumed
The British Coalition's doomed
Beneath the blows of faction.

But straight away the rot is stayed,
A gentleman's agreement's made,
And Party outbursts slacken;
A self-imposed, collective curb
Gags Clem and Ernie, Hugh and Herb—
That also goes for Bracken.

Resounding charge and countercharge
Are never meant as sabotage
By Socialist or Tory—
The gentleman's agreement is
A voluntary armistice,
Great Britain's crowning glory.

But such accommodations are
A purely British formula,
And we need no reminding
Agreements between foreign gents
For coalition governments
Are not considered binding.

How sadly it would fare with us
Were Bevin Bevinopoulous,
Or Bracken Brackenievsky;
And how could we avoid shipwreck
If Churchill were Churchillajczyk,
Or Attlee, Attliezewski?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to S. D. Bailey.

Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Social Crusade Special Open-Air Services in the parks and recreation grounds of Leeds during the summer of 1945, at which D. B. Foster hopes to speak on the big issues before the world. . . . Should the war in Germany and Japan come to an end during the above period, the last 10 minutes of each meeting afterwards will be devoted to explaining the supreme evil of smoking.—Notice in *Social Crusader*.

Live representatives wanted by old-established firm of insecticide manufacturers.—Advt in *The Scotsman*.

In 1872 Lord Dufferin became Governor-General of Canada, which began one of the most brilliant careers of any public servant of the Crown of his generation. He sowed the seeds of Imperialism which led to an abundant harvest in the South African War and the Great War of 1914.—*Belfast Telegraph*

Asking why a girl worker had been taken away after being released to him from the shoe trade, Mr. R. J. F. Rawlinson, a Northampton laundry manager, was told by the Regional Director of Laundry Services that "the answer can be found in the last part of verse 21 in the first chapter of the Book of Job." It reads: "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."—*Evening News*.

MOTHERWELL

Given little notice in the English press—or dismissed as a freak contest—the Motherwell by-election might well serve as a symbol of contemporary Scotland. Motherwell, between the wars, shared to the full the long depression on the Clyde; even to-day the level of unemployment in the town is among the highest in Britain. Overcrowding, seven times as bad in Scotland as in England, has left its legacy of four thousand homes in Motherwell and Wishaw which have too few rooms for too many people. And, among the steelworkers and miners who form the bulk of the working population, there is typical scepticism about the ability of any political party to prevent a relapse into the scourges of the past—and worse. When the war ends, they ask, who will want our steel; our coal, brought up from an inefficient and declining field; and, for that matter, who will want the Clyde ships in three or four years' time? After the war, people will want cars, radios, refrigerators and plastic products. And where are the new factories that can produce these? In England.

Here, I thought, as I walked up the long main street of Motherwell, is fertile soil for a Nationalist campaign. A week or two before polling day, public resentment against the cavalier treatment of Scottish affairs in Parliament, which has been growing steadily all through the war, reached a climax over the proposal to relegate Prestwick Airport to a secondary position and the Government's refusal to entertain the project for a road bridge over the Forth. Neither of these two issues directly affects Motherwell, but throughout Scotland they have served as a focus for an undercurrent of bitterness and suspicion that, having done its share to win the war, Scotland is once more destined to become a forgotten and impoverished neighbour of England. A recent public opinion poll estimated that more than half the adult Scottish population desired some form of Self-Government. In Motherwell, too, presumably, there were men of all parties who realised that the Scottish Office had become an administrative bottleneck; who, like the county councillor with whom I had talked on the train, believed that the different traditions and structure of Scottish education, law and local government made greater Scottish control of domestic affairs imperative if post-war reforms were not to be frustrated or inadequately operated.

I stopped at a bus queue. Twenty of the people in it had votes, or believed they had. Four intended to use them; two said they would vote Labour; one called himself a Liberal and had not made up his mind; the fourth thought he would like the Scottish National Party candidate to win "because it would shake up Labour." But nearly all those I questioned said of the Nationalists: "There's something in what they say," or "They're right—there'll be bad times again if it's left to the English."

Why, however, the apathy about the election? There was no real issue, said some—an opinion echoed many times. Why bother, with a General Election just round the corner? "What's the good of my vote?" said a woman of sixty—adding the next moment that her son was in Burma and that she was going to use his proxy vote because "he'll be back quicker if the Government wins." "This town," a shopkeeper told me, "'ll no worry aboot an election when there's a match at Hampden Park i' the same week." Labour, which controls the local council and won the seat in 1935 by a few hundred votes, seemed to command more class loyalty than active enthusiasm. Meetings at factories and in the wards have been only moderately attended. Three hundred workers listening to a ten-minute speech in their lunch-hour was considered a highly successful meeting by both candidates.

I went to hear the Labour candidate, Alex. Anderson, the Borough Treasurer—in Scotland an elected position—and history-teacher at a Wishaw school. Thirty men and women, mostly about or over fifty, sat stolidly in a bare schoolroom whilst Anderson called the Nationalists "Robinson Crusoes," their policy "narrow, disruptive and bigoted," explained that the Labour Party wanted devolution of Scottish administration and insisted that "our fight is not with the English people but with those who exploit equally the English and Scottish people." There were no questions. Heads nodded polite applause, and Councillor Anderson, Alistair Sim-like, smiled at his constituents and left to address a similar group elsewhere. He felt fairly confident of success, and, as his election agent said, "regards this as a dress-rehearsal for the General Election. We can get our machine working again and give the Nationalists a hard knock to stop them putting up a dozen candidates all over Scotland to split the vote against the Tories."

To this Dr. Robert MacIntyre, secretary of the Scottish National Party, replies: "The Labour Party humbugs and betrays the people." If he is the first Scottish Nationalist to be returned to Parliament he will use his mandate to introduce "a Bill for an immediate general election for a Scottish Parliament." There is no doubt he would be a lively figure at Westminster. Still in his early thirties, he has abandoned the Socialism of his university days. Sorrow for the wrongs committed by the English against his country seems to struggle with a natural ebullience for control of his emotions. "Why," he asked me reproachfully, "does Churchill refuse to reveal the Scottish casualties? Must Scotland always fight England's wars?" This is a point to which Nationalist propaganda continually returns. At a meeting in the hall of Motherwell's Y.M.C.A. Arthur Donaldson, the Party Treasurer, cried passionately: "Scotland has priority on the battlefield, but where are the priorities for Prestwick and the Forth Bridge?" "As a Party," MacIntyre said, "we have taken no line towards the war." Asked whether he supported the Party chairman, Douglas Young, who has served two prison sentences for refusing to recognise the power of the British Parliament to conscript Scotsmen, MacIntyre replied that any stand for the liberation of Scotland had his backing. He was a separatist and would have nothing to do with any schemes of devolution. Young, incidentally, a striking personality, carries his hostility towards England to extremes. Churchill, for some sections of the Nationalists an agent of "the London Imperialist boss-class, and the English would-be 'Herrenvolk,'" is plain Mr. Kirkbrae to Douglas Young.

The National Party has had a chequered history of splits and internal conflict. Early in the war the moderates broke away under the leadership of John MacCormick, a Glasgow solicitor, to form a Scottish Convention, a propagandist group which does not fight elections but confines itself, Fabian-like, to the publication of educational material on Scottish affairs and the permeation of all parties with its proposals for Self-Government. MacCormick was the proposer of the Home Rule resolution adopted by the last Liberal Conference. Convention now has several thousand members. Pressed for membership figures of the National Party, MacIntyre would not commit himself, though insisting that the movement was growing rapidly. *Scots Independent*, the National Party organ, sells about five thousand copies. A reference to the Pacific war in its April issue reads:

> Are the Scots content to see Scots laddies flung away in years of this Colonial war under the loveless and mindless control of the *British* militarists in London?

This flamboyant and extravagant phraseology is typical of National Party propaganda. When it comes to the formulation of a clear policy for Scotland, the National Party merely argues that no reforms can be carried out *until* Scotland is free.

In the early part of the campaign, most of the running was made by Communist propaganda against the National Party. Motherwell was the first town in Britain to send a Communist to Westminster, and there is still a strong C.P. branch. One C.P. meeting, attended by abo
seven hundred people, was the largest held up
the week before polling day. The Nationali
had been particularly annoyed by a Communi
parade down the streets led by a pipe ban
Though the Communists are committed to Se
Government, they condemn the National Pa
as "comic-opera Nationalists who wanted to
neutral at a moment when every nation in Euro
was fighting for its existence." The Labo
Party, embarrassed by Communist suppo
issued an official disclaimer, and in the peri
immediately before the poll, the Communists co
fined themselves to general propaganda for Labo
unity and for their own Scottish policy.

The vote in Motherwell cannot be taken as
real test of strength for the Nationalist mov
ment, though it is difficult to see what circu
stances could have been more favourable to
heavy poll for the National Party. Of fo
thousand electors not more than a few thousa
showed any concern at all about the contest. Wi
a number of local supporters, aided by speake
and members from other parts of Scotland, t
National Party created an impression of youthf
energy and determination to draw attention
Scottish problems. That has been their m
effective service, which will have brought the
more votes than any popular enthusiasm f
their sectarian and fanciful programme.

Norman MacKenzie

PARIS REVISITED

The last time I saw Paris was in that frank
delirious trance of liberation, in August of 19
When I arrived this spring it happened that th
were putting the flags out again, this time mo
deliberately, soberly, thoughtfully, for de Gaull
Easter Parade. There were some young Frenc
men in uniform, indeed, who regarded the fla
with disquiet. They said that just now the pla
for every French soldier under arms and eve
French tank was over the Rhine. . . . Discussi
Service conditions with some of these lads w
were in the Maquis when I last met them broug
out several difficulties. They find it hard to li
on French Service pay in a country where pric
have soared "and so many people who never r
sisted in their lives are sitting tight and maki
money." They often find it impossible, too,
get into uniform because uniforms are not to
had. Philippe, whom I last saw sporting an arm
let, fresh from the barricades, now wears a unifor
which belonged to his brother, who was kill
in action. But he was attached to the French A
Force for nearly three months in civilian cloth
before coming across the uniform in a drawer.

* * *

The anxious liberated months have not snuff
out the flamboyant ardour of Parisienne hats. T
monstrous high, heavy and, for the most pa
grotesquely unbecoming structures which infu
ated the Germans, now add a touch of frivoli
to the tense, hand-to-mouth existence of the cit
From their marked prices in the shops, ea
represents a squander-bug purchase, though, co
pared with the prices of fashionable clothes, th
are trifling. With short skimpy skirts, they see
to defy the native good taste. And those who s
that they symbolise a phase of grab, get-ric
quick, of war-indifference and of peace-apathy
French life, do not, I think, exaggerate; f
months of indeterminate black-market living ha
left their mark on people I met. A family I kno
and like, and of whom I wrote in this paper
the time of the liberation, had not had an oun
of butter on the ration since September. Th
told me this over a dinner of faultless bourgeo
opulence which must have cost them the ear
au marché noir, but which was evidently not o
of the ordinary—for when another two casu
visitors joined us at table nobody turned a ha

* * *

But everybody talked food. Politics, the futu
of Europe, the treason trials, the arts; enter
conversations only after the food subject w

exhausted. There was criticism of Britain—without any real knowledge of British food conditions—because of our recent squawk about meat. There was still an unfortunate lack of appreciation of the continuance of the V bombardment of Britain throughout last autumn and winter. My quotation of our four-and-a-half million houses damaged by enemy action produced the almost incredulous comment, "Well, you've seen a little of the war, too!" Such unappreciation and superficial criticism does not mean a deep lack of sympathy with Britain. Paris, on the contrary, gives me a general feeling of uncommon warmth, of an accord which is solid on cultural, social and military bases, even if it be in befogged expectancy upon international politics. To put it crudely, I would say that they like us because we are Europeans, neighbours, people traditionally experienced in international life and politics.

* * *

Turning out of the Boulevard St-Michel into a street where I saw a young student killed in action in August, I noticed one of the sad novelties of Paris, a plaque enshrined with spring flowers: "Here died Jacques Thibault, student, in the service of his country. . . ." There are a number of plaques to be seen in that quarter. In Athens, I recollect, at the start of the shooting, they memorialised the dead on the spot. The pool of blood, a battered hat perhaps, or a torn coat, would be ringed with flowers and inscribed.

* * *

The eternal spirit of Paris in the spring is manifested most happily in the flowers, the tight tricolour bouquets in the crowded florists, the crowded gaiety of the market across from Notre Dame, the number of Métro passengers thrusting a passage with prickly rose trees where the whole world changes trains at the Châtelet. It reminds me irrelevantly that the first civilian activity I saw in Germany the other day when I crossed from Venlo was a middle-aged man planting out rows of wallflowers. "There will always be a need for flowers," he said, with what I considered at the time to be the beaten German's Teutonic sentimentality. I think now that he spoke truth without sincerity.

* * *

"How do the Germans look?" French and Belgian folk keep asking. I daren't add my mite of generalisation to the oceanic reporting of the advance. Madame Ivry, however, was ironing the flags of the United Nations when she enquired; and I could not help describing the Hausfrau outside Muenchen-Gladbach whom we observed marching out solemnly to her front gate to change her white flag for a newly laundered one. She informed us that this was necessary every other day in this spring weather.

We agreed that that was a very efficient submission—"but it was probably a French pillow slip, that *drapeau blanc*," added Madame Ivry.

JOHN PUDNEY

RADIO NOTES

In that little collection of aphorisms which contains the essence of his amazing wisdom and penetration, F. H. Bradley speaks of love as being, for many people, "the need for a certain tone of sentiment." It seems to me that by *tone* is here meant that quality which differentiates the subtle variations within a single category of emotion (love, pity, veneration, courage, disgust, nostalgia, or what you will), rather than the necessarily cruder quality by which we distinguish one feeling from another which partly resembles it. Now that the hubbub of six years' recorded gunnery has at last begun to be cross-faded—far more gradually, alas! than is ever achieved by our radio Programme Engineers—with motley chatter in the crowded studio of "peace," there must be many people everywhere who are beginning to realise in themselves the impairment, the disastrous blunting, of that tone of feeling which is the basis of civilised life. As V. S. Pritchett pointed out in these columns last week, the European catastrophe now presents a spectacle so lunatic that the mind refuses to respond to it, except in purely practical ways. This is self-defence, inevitable but also salutary, like putting a tubercular lung out of action so that it may heal. We must learn, like children, to use, not only our minds, but our hearts again. This cannot be done, after the American fashion, by advertising one emotion after another, or by paying others to feel for us; it can be done only through the two-way activity of artistic appreciation. So the artists must help us, and especially the poets and novelists. Poetry by its algebraic precision, fiction by its humane preoccupations, can recondition the human spirit. What Dickens, Tennyson and Browning set themselves to do for the callous hearts of post-Napoleonic England, poets like Day Lewis and novelists like R. C. Hutchinson, with his wide imaginative scope and his affectionate understanding of human beings as such, must do for us in the years after the war. Their chief task will be the restoration of the tone of sentiment, and with that the ability to feel strongly without losing focus.

I fervently hope that such men of imagination will not confine themselves to the printed word. If they do, they will be missing a golden opportunity. It looks as if the stage and screen were media too crude for this particular purpose; but radio techniques are intimate and therefore ideally suited to restore the emotional spectrum *in its entirety*. It is no insult to suggest that programmes like *The Harbour called Mulberry, Flight Deck,* and *Mr. and Mrs. Brown* are, as it were, painted in primary colours. That is their nature, and we would not have it otherwise. But at the same time we do, I think, need a continuous flow of features and plays painted, not like a poster, but like a Pissarro or a Sisley. There is no reason why such programmes should not be topical; nor need they be caviare: it is the approach to the subject that is in question, not the subject itself. Those who had the good luck to hear, a week or two since, the poet Dylan Thomas broadcast some reminiscences of his childhood may agree that these well illustrate the rather difficult point I have been trying to make. The facts behind the narrative were not in the least uncommon or esoteric, but the combination of poetic vision with a beautiful and romantic voice produced a rhapsody of extraordinary brilliance. We need more—many more—such broadcasts. Unfortunately this most excellent programme was hidden away in the Children's Hour, although I doubt whether one child in a thousand can have grasped the trend of Mr. Thomas's impassioned discourse. It is, therefore, desirable that his talk should be rebroadcast in what is recognisably a poetry period.

RECOMMENDATIONS.—*April 15th.* "How to See Red" (Reminiscences by A. K. Taylor, 7.30); Debussy: String Quartet, and Ravel: Introduction and Allegro (10.5).

April 16th. "Retrospect of Flowers" (Talk by Compton Mackenzie, 6.30); "What's the Point of Astronomy?" (Talk by Dr. E. M. Lindsay, 7.40); "She Stoops to Conquer" (Play, 9.30); "Text and Context"—Gerald Bullett on Sir Walter Ralegh (10.35).

April 17th. "Birds and Their Song" (4.30); Ravel's *Valses Nobils et Sentimentales,* played by Angus Morrison (10.40).

April 18th. Symphony Concert (7.15).

April 19th. "What Does It Mean?" (Talk by Ivor Brown, 6.25); "How to Blow Your Own Trumpet" (Stephen Potter and Joyce Grenfell, 8.0).

April 20th. "Hemlock for Eight" (Play by Clifford Bax and Leon M. Lion, 8.0); Arthur Bliss: "Miracle in the Gorbals" (10.0); "Away from It All" (Yvonne Arnaud, 10.35).

April 21st. Symphony Concert (2.30).

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST.

AT THE LEFEVRE

An imposing exhibition, English painting at its most imaginative. Frances Hodgkins must be thought the most successfully original of our living artists. The experience of a long life, eliminating all exterior influences, is behind these apparently careless works, each of which contains several inventions in colour as happy as they are unexpected. The earlier pictures, *Cut Melons* and *Island Ferry* (three figures that seem to have gone to sea in a sofa), are beautiful; the most recent works, painted at Purbeck, are even more beautiful. We are told that a painter called Francis Rose is going to exhibit his paintings in Paris, but I cannot help thinking that Miss Hodgkins should have priority in transport. She has other claims than his. Matthew Smith—the usual dash and opulence; also some water-colours of which one would like to see many more; for the handling that in his oils grates upon the fastidious eye here becomes agreeable. Graham Sutherland—six oils and four gouaches. *The Lamp* and *The Intruding Bull* show Picasso prevailing entirely over Palmer among his ancestors. While scarcely less violent, the feeling is different; but there is the same fabulous vitality and assurance in the putting on of paint. (Look at the flower, for instance, in *The Intruding Bull.*) The two figure-pieces I consider the most impressive things Sutherland has exhibited. I wrote about him six years ago in terms that may then have seemed extravagant, but which now seem commonplace. If he continues to fulfil himself he will be one of the great painters of our time. Francis Bacon—a newcomer, aged, we are told, thirty-four. Three Studies for Figures at the Base of a Crucifixion seem derived from Picasso's Crucifixion, but further distorted, with ostrich necks and button heads protruding from bags—the whole effect gloomily phallic. (Bosch without the humour.) These objects are perched on stools, and depicted as if they were sculpture, as in the Picassos of 1930. The Figure in a landscape is no more engaging in form, but here the colour is more varied and the paint a beautiful mosaic. I have no doubt of Mr. Bacon's uncommon gifts, but these pictures expressing his sense of the atrocious world into which we have survived seem to me symbols of outrage rather than works of art. If Peace redresses him, he may delight as he now dismays.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

THE MOVIES

"Blithe Spirit," at the Odeon

"The Cheat," at the Academy

"A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," at the Gaumont

Blithe Spirit is the wittiest, funniest creation of the English screen. It belongs, some critics have protested, too much to the theatre; its accents are stage accents, of the sort that evoke a grin in Hoxton; it keeps rather strictly to drawing-room and bedroom; the subject, the wit, even, are fashionable and need the support of the stalls. True, but unimportant.

Protesting Voice: "But the camera never gets a chance: unless you count some trick photography and the Technicolour green ghost."

Whitebait: "What about the sound-track?"

Protesting Voice: "Well, what about it? Nothing very special there."

Whitebait: "The dialogue—didn't you notice? Even if the film had been flatly photographed, tamely directed—which it wasn't by any means—that would still shine out. Talk as wittily farcical as Coward's isn't heard by filmgoers once in a blue moon; it's almost on the peaks with Wilde. Name any other filmwright (or whatever he's called) who comes near it! Guitry? No one else."

For Guitry also (revival of *Le Roman d'un Tricheur*) discovered that, if one is sufficiently a wit, one can dispense with many amenities of the camera. How shabbily that old masterpiece of his taunts the eye, how delicious it is! I shall never forget his appalling family, all, except the hero, slain by mushrooms. Mr. Coward is the English Guitry, with less personality and more talent; his ground is the smart conversation, where the other's is the magnificent anecdote. *Blithe Spirit* may not be the eye-opener that *This Happy Breed* was, but in a well-marked terrain it scores incomparably. And let me suggest, since the topic of stage and screen has come up, that Coward translates far more naturally than Shaw; for Shaw, even in the delightful *Pygmalion,* is more than a little stagey . . . *Blithe Spirit* has faint stings everywhere. "Anything exciting in the *Times* this morning?" asks the husband. "Don't be silly, darling," says his wife. In that sort of trivial business, Coward is a master. The satire on spiritualism will upset, I hope, many an impish table; the evocation of the dead (in no wise chastened by experience) will shock all of us more or less. Tickling enough the intrusion on a married couple (Rex Harrison and Kay Hammond) of an earlier wife (Constance Cummings) "from the other side." How long will she be staying? Her status, too, on the romantic plane, is a trifle dubious. But that's only a slice of the fun. The medium who has let in this apparition—and has to find it a return ticket—is a tough old biking, cussing, grimacing, hand-clapping baboon of an Englishwoman who startles far more than the ghosts (discreetly added to), far more outrageously convinces. The opening séance when we see her for the first time in action is, from start to finish, caricature of the first order; and though she is not the sort of creation that grows once we have taken her in, every detail added later is precious. Her little villa, for example, with the bell that pulls off in your hand, her parrot, her cup of Ovaltine. What a part! And Miss Margaret Rutherford fits it like a glove—or should I say a meal-sack? Every moment of her presence is memorable. What has the camera to do with that? Not a great deal, apparently; though unobtrusively David Lean's direction has done a lot to bring out the points and to tide over the boring passages (they are there; the film opens with one). Brilliant fun, first-rate acting do the trick as effectively as if Mr. Coward had set himself the task of "thinking again, cinematically." Clair, thinking cinematically, produced only *The Ghost Goes West* and *I Married a Witch*—millstones by comparison.

I have left myself no space in which to recommend *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn*. This story of Brooklyn in the 1900's conveys a touching impression of family life, of growing up, of the helpless day-dreaming and scraping that go with poverty. Honest performances from Dorothy McGuire, James Dunn, Joan Blondell, and yet another talented child actress, Peggy Ann Garner. WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

MORE B.B.C.'s PLEASE

SIR,—In your recent article on "The Future of Broadcasting" you wrote: "It is, in our judgment, axiomatic that Big Business must not be allowed to control (this) channel of communication. . . . And, that being so, we should view with the gravest concern any proposal to depart from the principle that broadcasting must be a State monopoly."

Is this really your view? Have five years of Government propaganda left you, of all people, so nicely conditioned and queue-minded that you are ready to line up for monopoly just like that? Are you so scared of big business—sorry, Big Business—that you won't even consider how it might be used, on terms and in strictly limited fields, to improve British broadcasting? No sponsoring, therefore monopoly. It's a hoary fallacy, and I'm sorry that you seem to be falling for it.

Let's get sponsoring out of the way first. Your point, I imagine, is that opinion on the air should be free. Granted. Very few people, certainly no Socialist, would suggest for one moment that time on the air for news, views, talks, education, religion should be bought and sold, on tap to the highest bidder. Of course not. But the expression of opinion is only one part of broadcasting. Are you so very pure that you would object to an actor going on the air by permission of a tobacco company instead of a film company, as at present? (They're both Big Business, you know.) Would you switch off if you found that a Toscanini programme had been backed by cement? In television would you never, never allow the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION to encourage this important but expensive new art by occasionally sponsoring a ballet performance or a cartoonist? (You remember how much the L.P.T.B. and Shell did for contemporary art—and for themselves too, no doubt—between the wars.)

Sponsoring ought never to be admitted in any form to programmes of opinion. In other programmes it might well play a limited but useful part, bringing outside ideas and the tonic of rivalry to our esoteric air. But sponsoring is a comparatively minor issue. If you feel, for intellectual or emotional or other reasons, good or bad, that you just can't bear the thought of commerce, even in restricted fields and with the artistry properly looked after—all right then, let's drop it. Let's shoo the Big Bad Wolf firmly away. But the main problem remains. Why do you want to fling yourself into the arms of monopoly? Or rather, why do you want to stay there?

It's true that lately you have shown some signs of wanting to edge away from monopoly for overseas programmes, particularly for the European service, which has always been a special interest of yours. But that's another story. So are the Empire and other overseas services, to which similar arguments apply with similar force. So also is television, which calls for entirely different management if colour, stereoscopy and other discoveries by Mr. Baird and others are not to be denied to viewers. But let's confine ourselves to ordinary home broadcasting. Why are you monopolist here?

You usually stand for freedom. Like other sensible people, of course, you recognise the need for controls over certain physical things—food, clothes, houses, whatnot. But I never remember, before, your taking sides against freedom in things of the mind. Don't let's deceive ourselves. This is what, in fact, you are doing. For freedom in things of the mind is freedom to choose. And no monopoly can ever give us that. No matter how enlightened it may be, or how large its resources; no matter how it may deck itself out in alternative programmes, variously named, with all the familiar slogans of "unscripted broadcast," "free controversy," and the rest, the fact remains that not a sound can issue from its legion of transmitters except by its leave alone.

The listener can always switch off. (Poor jest that, to level at 35 million people.) Or he can listen to foreign stations if he's rich enough to afford a good set, and lucky enough to live in an area with good reception. Otherwise he must take what the monopoly gives him. He has no true freedom of choice. And if he wants to try his hand at broadcasting himself, he has no choice at all. The would-be journalist, his articles rejected by one editor, can send them to a second and a third. The actor or musician can try a number of separate managements. The novelist has a score of independent publishers to choose from. But the would-be broadcaster! (Which means, again, any one of 35 million people.) All hope abandon, if you fail to please the monopoly! There is nowhere else you can try.

The poor monopolists, of course, are not to blame for this denial of opportunity to talent they don't happen to fancy. They can't help themselves. The fault lies with monopoly itself—the system which you support. Such vast patronage vested in single hands, such absolute control over public money, and the livelihood of individuals, is the technique of despotism, not democracy. Do you really believe that it wouldn't be far healthier, for the monopoly itself not less than for the public, whether as listeners or broadcasters, if other and independent networks were available also, to test standards, give freedom of opportunity and try out new ways?

The change could be made without difficulty, and at no extra expense. Before the war the B.B.C. had transmitters and equipment enough to run two services with national coverage (one called National, the other strangely miscalled Regional), together with half a dozen regional services—Scotland, Wales, Northern Ireland, and three for England. At present, according to the latest *B.B.C. Handbook*, there are many more transmitters than in 1939, which makes the change all the easier. Transmitters, heavy equipment and the *physical* operation of broadcasting would be the concern of the Post Office, which is largely responsible already. Programme output, on the other hand, would be wholly in the hands of independent and separate corporations, with transmitters leased from the Post Office for their own exclusive use. One of the services with national coverage should remain with the B.B.C., which has probably served the country as well as monopoly has allowed. The second national service would be run by a new body, say the British Radio Corporation. A third might go to a new British Wireless Corporation. Side by side with the two or three independen national services would be the six or seven independent regional networks with local coverage Broadcasting in Scotland would be in charge of a autonomous Scottish Corporation, perhaps along th lines sketched by the President of the Saltire Society in your issue of March 3rd. Wales and Norther Ireland would each have its own system. So would the three or four regions of England, not forgettin the South-East, which has been left out of the pictur hitherto.

Finance, to begin with, should be based upon B.B.C. experience in peacetime. We, the public are told almost nothing in detail of how our broadcasting money is spent. But suppose that the tota devoted to home output is £3 or £4 millions. O the change-over, this total would simply be allocated to the new bodies according to peacetime ratios, whatever they may have been—so much to the Post Office for operation, so much to the two or three nationa corporations for programmes, and so much to th six or seven regional bodies for programmes.

The new bodies could have various names—corporations, councils, commissions, boards, and they could be variously composed. The B.B.C.—a paid board of seven, one a woman, all nominees of the Prime Minister—might be allowed to keep its presen shape. Some of the new bodies on the other hand might feel that, for themselves, No. 10 was not necessarily the best door to office, or that one woman member was hardly adequate representation for half the total constituency. Others might wish to break new ground by giving membership for the first time to working men and women, that is, to the people who have always provided the bulk of broadcasting revenue and whose resources alternative to wireless—books, piano, gramophone—are least. All the regional corporations would presumably take steps to guard against domination by London. There is nothing to be said for a uniform pattern of management, and much against, provided that each body is democratic and efficient. Let's try various types, and let the best prevail. Let's free the B.B.C. from the chains imposed upon it in infancy, so that, warmed by friendly rivalry with other independent B.B.C.'s, it can go forward to win fresh laurels and even livelier esteem.

Rumour has it that a certain Government committee, sitting behind closed doors, has been deliberating in secret upon the future of broadcasting, and that it may issue its findings shortly. State monopolist though you are, won't you at least do the democratic thing and press for a full public inquiry, by Royal Commission or otherwise, into this great national service which so vitally concerns us all? And do think again yourself. Can you point to any single advantage which would be lost by the change from one B.B.C. to several?

G. P.

[We agree with our correspondent that the future constitution of the B.B.C. ought to be the subject of public inquiry. What is his quarrel? In the article which "G. P." criticises, we urged an extension of regional freedom and rejected the commercial solution. "G. P.'s" suggestion, although phrased as if it revealed a difference of principle, is in reality only different in emphasis. He wants other public Corporations to compete with the B.B.C. We welcome the idea. But who is to appoint the controllers (call them governors, commissioners, directors, as you will) of the B.B.C.'s competitors, B.R.C. and B.W.C.? Both the new Corporations, under his scheme, would be State-financed. To whom would their controllers be answerable? Unless it be suggested by "G. P." that philosopher-kings of broadcasting (if such be discoverable) should enjoy complete autonomy over the expenditure of licence-holders' money, some relationship between them and Parliament would have to be established. The immunity from accountability to Parliament vouchsafed to the B.B.C. under its Royal Charter is itself open to criticism. But if it be conceded that every State-financed Corporation must be answerable to Parliament through a Minister, would any noticeable advantage be gained by creating what would be, in effect, a B.B.C. Trinity? Anything that fosters emulation between programme directors—national and (more especially) regional—would be to the good. But our correspondent seems over-optimistic about the results of giving monopoly the attributes of the Athanasian Deity.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SAN FRANCISCO

Sir,—Even before San Francisco opens the composition and voting procedure of the General Assembly threaten to become a headache. The Russians started it by demanding votes for all the sixteen Soviet Republics entitled by the Constitution to foreign representation and settling for three (the Ukrainian and White Russian Soviet Republics plus the U.S.S.R. as a whole). The Americans are hoping the Russians may drop this claim at the Conference, but if they stick to it will probably be forced to demand three votes in their turn. Meanwhile the British have discovered that in an Assembly where all States have one vote each and decisions are taken by two-thirds majorities, the Great Powers, who pay three-quarters of the budget, can be outvoted by the small States. Great Britain also shares with the Dominions and our European Allies the discovery that the Latin American States wield a voting power quite out of proportion to their population, resources or influence in the world. It may be expected that Great Britain will press at San Francisco for a system of "weighted" voting, at least on matters of finance. This the small States will strongly resist.

The way out should be indicated by the Labour Party, for it consists in a return to the policy so strongly urged by Labour at the end of the last war that it was nearly successful: the Assembly should be composed of delegations elected by proportional representation by the Parliaments of the States Members, with each delegate having one vote and the number of delegates from each country varying in proportion to that country's share of the total budget, on a scale ranging from a minimum of say three delegates to a maximum of forty.

Governments, it should be noted, would be automatically represented in this Assembly through their Parliamentary majorities, which would be in the majority in all the delegations. The Great Powers would have a voting power proportionate to their real authority and influence in the proceedings. The Russians could include in their forty delegates representatives of all sixteen Soviet Republics! The Roosevelt Administration could systematise and make permanent the technique, with which the President has been experimenting, of drawing Congress into the work of preparing and planning the Administration's foreign policy before decisions are taken, as illustrated by the "bi-partisan" Congressional delegation to San Francisco and the freedom given to the Republican Senators in that delegation to express their own views.

The small States might agree to differential voting in return for getting an inter-Parliamentary Assembly, as the delegates to the latter would on most occasions tend to align themselves in international parties of the Right, Left and Centre, which would approach problems on the basis of the common interests of humanity rather than of State sovereignty, of welfare rather than power-politics, and would choose leaders according to their personal capacity rather than their nationality.

An inter-Parliamentary Assembly would bring democracy to bear in international affairs and would continue and complete the work of national Parliaments in budgeting for and planning economic and social policies. Whereas an Assembly of Governments is a collection of national egotisms, each putting its sectional interests first, international parties in an inter-Parliamentary Assembly would have a wide enough vision to plan international economic action in pursuit of common social objectives.

Finally, an inter-Parliamentary Assembly would be incomparably superior to a Conference of Governments as the sounding board and rallying point of world public opinion, the great Assize of the Nations, the Parliament of Man, or what Senator Vandenberg called "the conscience of humanity."

K. Zilliacus

[We discuss this "topic" in our leading article.—Ed., *N.S. & N.*]

HOUSING

Sir,—Unhappily, some years of research has convinced me that none of your four suggestions for dealing with the housing problem can usefully operate without a complete ascertainment and full presentation of the economic and technical facts.

That the Tories have evaded the issue of land control is, of course, beyond dispute, but that is an entirely different issue from the ownership of houses or the provision of houses. Regarding the provision of houses, by all means damn the Ministers, the Trade Associations, the Professional Institutions and the Trades' Unions, because there seems little doubt that through their apathy or vested interest there has been little or no objective research or inquiry into the technical and economic aspects of the problem. Consequently, few if any of the relevant facts are available to enable the members of these various organisations, as distinct from their governing bodies, to demand or create a concerted policy. The Ministers' prefabrication programme has been, as you suggest, a colossal waste of time because there was none of the research which even private enterprise commercial organisations would engage upon before marketing a new product. The Unions involved were hostile to, or suspicious of, any attempt to organise prefabrication on the same grounds upon which they opposed similar attempts after the last war, *i.e.*, the bricklayers and their particular associates would be done out of a job. The real facts confronting us in the form of essential rebuilding would prove that this fear was groundless. The Trade Associations have certainly not encouraged objective economic research, presumably because they felt that their price structures might be called in question. They did not grasp the fact that the size of the programme is such that not only is there ample room for new material and new technique but that in many cases such development would open up export and other new markets.

What is needed is research independent of State, of politics, of business or of unions or professional interests, together with a fearless presentation of the facts. Without these facts, it cannot be possible wisely to settle either the standards of housing or the dimensions in terms of time and quantity of the rehousing and rebuilding programme.

The "single Minister" idea is tempting but, without the facts or the powers to get them or the independent sources to get them from, he would be helpless.

I urge the examination of Sir Ernest Simon's plan of a Building Supplies and Components Purchasing Organisation. Through such a body bulk orders, which manufacturers need in order to obtain rapid and efficient output, can be secured, and subsidies could be distributed by this Organisation selling below costs, where necessary, without the complications and long term evils arising from the subsidies of particular houses or classes of houses.

19 Buckingham Street,
London, W.C.2.

Raymond Perry

TRUTH AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS

Sir,—In his courteous reply to my letter, Dr. John V. Simcox puts four questions to me. May I, therefore, ask for space in which to attempt a brief reply to each?

1. I have always thought that we (Roman Catholics) do believe in "parental rights all round," and I still hope we do.
2. Of course I do not deny that Dr. Simcox was entitled to do this.
3. Having read only one account of what happened, and since Cardinal Hinsley is no longer with us, I do not feel able to express an opinion on this point.
4. I am sorry that neither the Archbishop, nor any of the others mentioned, have so far replied to Dr. Simcox's letter.

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Sir,—In discussing the Catholic schools question it is relevant to recall the opening words of the encyclical *Libertas humana* which was issued by Pope Leo XIII in 1888. He said: "It is quite unlawful to demand, to defend, or to grant unconditional freedom of thought, of speech, of writing, or worship."

H. G. Calwell

THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGE

Sir,—The primary end of religion is the worship of God. Mr. Dark, in his article on the Church in the country, deals only with quite secondary matters. To go back to Rogation processions and blessing ploughs is to play at mediævalism. Matins is boring because it is no longer the vehicle of living worship, and the Mass is esoteric rather than popular.

The Christian religion was an attempt at the transvaluation of values. It tried to turn the world upside down nineteen hundred years ago, failed, and in its official manifestations has since lived a compromise. It holds a body of dogmas which form a beautiful and logical explanation of the mystery of the universe, but no first-rate intelligence to-day accepts all the premises on which they rest. The only hope would seem to lie in the development of the Theology of the Holy Spirit. That way lies development and the evolution of new techniques of worship.

Claxby Rectory,
Lincoln.

Austin Lee

THE INFLUENCE OF PICASSO

Sir,—Whilst I am grateful to Mr. Sackville West both for listening to the talk and for writing on it, I would like to be allowed to point out the major irrelevancies in the criticism.

I am perfectly prepared to agree that Picasso has influenced Sutherland during his development; indeed, I said in my broadcast that almost all painters of the generations subsequent to Picasso had, at one time or another, suffered Picasso's impact. Evidence of this fact in Sutherland's case is therefore hardly relevant, and I would suggest that Blake, Palmer and perhaps Turner are more important influences upon Sutherland than Picasso. In conversation, as recently as on Tuesday of last week, I was interested to hear from Mr. Sutherland himself that, though he admires certain aspects of Picasso's genius (as who does not), he was not aware of any specific influence in his own recent work.

Furthermore, I did not contend that Sutherland was the one ray of light upon the situation; I merely quoted two lines from an article by him as an indication of a valuable direction in painting.

Mr. Sackville West's somewhat unoriginal assertion that genius is genius in spite of all is not to the point, since it is not in dispute. My argument was intended to indicate that Picasso was essentially an evil influence on painting, and that members of my own generation would be well advised to look closely at nature and painters deeply concerned with nature, rather than at Picasso, who is not.

To Mr. Sackville West's imputation that I was biting the hand that fed me I would reply that I acknowledge no debt to Picasso, but I admit freely to having been a sufferer for several years from the æsthetic disease of an idolatory from which I am only now beginning to recover.

Michael Ayrton

[Mr. Sackville West replies: In many more than one conversation with me Graham Sutherland has acknowledged, with pride, his debt to Picasso; moreover, a visit to the exhibition of his latest paintings now on view at the Lefevre Gallery will confirm this influence more emphatically than any assertion of mine. The distinction between genius and talent may not be disputed by Mr. Ayrton, but in his talk he seemed deliberately to avoid the point which was really at issue. Again, Mr. Ayrton may be unwilling to acknowledge his own debt to Picasso, but those who bear in mind the latter's "blue period" paintings must feel that in this refusal Mr. Ayrton is being either disingenuous or self-deceiving.—Ed. *N.S. and N.*]

A SENSE OF HUMOUR

Sir,—There are many Athenians who speak English wonderfully well. More still who have been applying themselves to English studies have not as yet mastered our tongue, but enjoy every opportunity of practice.

During the fighting in Athens a British tank had the mission one day of clearing up an Elasite stronghold near Omonia Square. In the deserted street there was one passer-by, a man who was setting out to go marketing. The captain of the tank-crew, putting out his head, hailed the wayfarer and asked, "Do you speak English?"

The man, pleased to oblige, answered with some exaggeration: "Yes, very well." "Oh, then perhaps you can tell us which is the house where the machine-gun fire has been coming from?" said the tank captain. The Athenian answered by volunteering his name and address, and then pointing to a corner house well in view, farther up the street, whereupon, after suitable thanks, the tank-crew plumped a couple of shells into the building.

But at this performance the Athenian showed agitation and expressed a lively protest. In the explanations that followed it turned out that he had all too imperfectly understood the question, while feeling reluctant to admit as much. He had assumed he was being asked to state his identity; and th house that had just been damaged was his own.

What made me think the incident worth reporting to London was the admirable Greek good-humou with which, so the tank-crew said afterwards, th man admitted the fault to have been wholly on hi side. By what misfortune in transmission or typography my paragraph was found suitable for "Thi England" (*N.S. and N.*, January 6th) I do not know but the distinction of such quotation is one tha nobody seeks, and you will perhaps allow me agai to tell the tale as I had hoped it would reach th public.

Richard Capell

Athens.

[The extract in "This England" read as follows

Accounts of humorous incidents, as well a others unspeakably grim, are circulated in Athens In "No-Man's-Land" a resident with only th slightest knowledge of English was halted by British tank. He was asked for his name an address, which he willingly gave.

Immediately afterwards the tank plopped thre shells into the unfortunate man's house. A typica Athenian, the man saw the joke, laughing heartil when the coincidence was later explained by th tank crew.—From a despatch by Richard Cape in the *Daily Telegraph*.—Ed. *N.S. and N.*]

L.G. AND DIZZY

Sir,—May I warn your simpler-minded reader that my amiable but too jocose friend, Sir Edwar Marsh, is pulling their legs when he affects to se a parallel between the careers of Benjamin Disrae and Lloyd George? True, they both won their wa to reside at the most important address in Europ and to be poetically described on their coffin plate as noble, but they were far indeed from startin life's handicap from behind the same gate. S Swithin's Lane may have reckoned young Disrae a poor man, but would not have dared to call hi so to his face. His poverty was that of a Bulwe or a Trackeray. Lloyd George's was as real as, less humiliating than, that of Dickens. Both me had some sympathy with the underdog, though wit Disraeli it hardly went farther than a sentimenta desire to give him a bone. The late Lord Askwit (better known as Sir George) once remarked to m that both men were plagiarists: Disraeli cribbin from the French, and Lloyd George from Disrael They were also both of them egocentric out of a whooping, but not unkindly in their fashion. . . Possibly the angels have not disowned them.

Conal O'Riordan

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The art of palmistry, in which it seems not wholly absurd to recognise some obscure connection with fact, holds that the lines inside the left hand represent the owner's fundamental characteristics, while those inside the right change, in the course of life, to display what he has made of himself. Thus, in undertaking his autobiography,[*] Sir Osbert Sitwell has pursued what must seem the wise course in devoting a great deal of space to his forbears; for it is obvious that their divergent influences, working through what seems to have been an extremely lively family tradition, have done more in the creation of this writer's rococo personality than is the case with most people. It is, I think, true, though it may be unfortunate, that accidents of birth and position can confer a certain intensity of interest on personalities which, born to a less florid estate, would not display it; and this book has many such predominantly left-hand characters, though others—*e.g.*, the author's mother and father—belong quite as definitely to the right-hand order; and the very profusion of material—as of a Victorian jewel-case half shut on a spilth of necklaces, bracelets and *rivières*—results in that kind of discursive fantasia which is the distinctive form of some of the best autobiographies (from Cellini onwards) and in which this particular adept has now produced his finest example.

> I *want* my memories to be old-fashioned and extravagant—as they are; I *want* this work to be full of detail, massed or individual; I *want* this to be gothic, complicated in surface and crowned with turrets and with pinnacles, for that is its nature. I mean it to be full of others besides myself and my brother and sister, giving scenes and *divertissements*, crowded with people of every sort.

Not quite of every sort, however, for the middle classes scarcely figure in this volume. Dealing, as it does, with the life of the British aristocracy during the nineteenth century, the story implicitly calls attention to the fact that the character and outlook of the bourgeoisie were so far from those of the upper class as to create an unbridgeable gulf between them—a gulf that simply did not exist between the upper class and the rural proletariat, who often lived in close contact with one another on terms of affection and respect. The only exceptions in this volume are perhaps to be found in families like the Taits and the Hely-Hutchinsons, whose manners and outlook implied a solidarity with middle-class English and Anglo-Irish society that is strikingly at variance with the lavish individualism—at once haughty and classless—of those longer and more firmly "landed" among the aristocracy. This exclusiveness, which thirty years ago would not have called for mention, has important results, both in what I may call the tonality of these memoirs and in the individual exuberance of the things and persons remembered. It is a mistake to suppose that the struggle for life sharpens the senses: it is more often those who have led what is known as a "sheltered" life that have eyes like opossums, ears like lynxes.

Sir Osbert can call himself lucky in the huge quantity of material—letters, diaries, etc.—he has found ready to his hand. It seems likely that the present age will incur the hatred and contempt of future historians for its parsimony in this respect and its cowardly passion for covering its own traces. The Sitwell family, however, would seem never to have thrown anything away—obedient, no doubt, to the early precept of their nurses (Davis, in this volume, is a splendid example): "Better keep that. You never know, it may come in useful. . . ."

As delineated by their heir, the Sitwells of Renishaw appear as in many ways typical country gentlemen, but with a spice of the reckless magnificence, the extravagant sensibility, which produced the great country houses of England, and, in this case, moved the last owner of Renishaw to create a garden which entitles him to be called an artist. Seen by an eye at once admiring, exasperated and amused, the late Sir George Sitwell emerges in these pages as one of those few eccentric characters whose temperature is not lowered by riches.

> Shut up in his study that smelt of strong Egyptian cigarettes, of which he smoked from twenty to thirty a day, my father was meanwhile, though quite unaware that an expensive phonograph had been imported into his house, reading a paper that had just appeared in a scientific journal upon the more recent discoveries of Edison, with especial reference to a machine—apparently called a phonograph—which recorded voices. (It was an interesting idea, but what a pity, he reflected, that he did not know Edison; he might have offered some valuable suggestions to the inventor, if only he had been consulted!) Then, he must run through a thing in the *Athenæum* on "Modern Modifications of the Theory of Evolutional Survival." But, alas! he could not spend so much time upon it as he would have liked, would have to leave making notes on the subject until another day, for he had also to think out a scheme for the discomfiture of "the other side," and he must work, too, at the pedigree of the Sacheverells, the origin of part-singing (a subject in which, except that it *had* an origin, he was not really much interested), make notes for a speech that he was to deliver to a large audience the following evening, ending with the quotation of a couple of lines from Byron, and consider the decorative motives employed in the leaden jewellery of the Middle Ages. The household bills were again too high—such a mistake to entertain all these friends, people never did it in the thirteenth century, but were content to live modestly and quietly within the castle except on some great occasion! He must send for the cook about them, and also explain to her about the making of that sauce, she did not do it right. Henry polished boots the wrong way, and he must show him how to set about it. He must enter in his architectural note-book what he had found out about the origin in the East of Romanesque architecture. He must write to Turnbull, to say that the yew hedges were not being properly planted, and that he wanted all the levels taken again in the Eckington Woods for the new twelve-mile drive. He must send a letter to that new shoe place, pointing out that he refused to pay more than 18s. 6d. for a pair of shoes, and send a cheque to an architect, whose name he had temporarily forgotten, for £346 6s. 11d.

That gives one side of the picture—*le côté de* Renishaw, the rambling, gloomy, yet withal grand house set among the dales and mines of Derbyshire. The other side includes very detailed memories of Scarborough—a picture as minute, in its way, as the author's novel, *Before the Bombardment*,—and what might be described as the more cosmopolitan *côté de chez* Lord Londesborough, the author's maternal grandfather. The Conyngham-Denison milieu appears in these pages as altogether more raffish—more Edwardian, in fine—than that of the Sitwells, with their deeper sense of responsibility. Sir Osbert is a natural partisan, and his defence of his great-great-grandmother, the first Lady Conyngham, who figures so largely in the records of the reign of George IV, does credit to his heart; but contemporary accounts of her (I wish Sir Osbert had quoted De Quincey's) make it difficult to doubt that she was a vulgar and grasping woman.

It was to be expected that the author's narrative of his childhood would be good; and very good it is, with that effect of multitudinous vividness of sensation which can only be achieved by a poet's eye working through a prose style which is both elaborate and precise.

> I remember that the hawthorns, grafted pink on white or red on white, were carrying their chequered banners, exhaling their curious and alluring perfume—not so much sweet as enticing, making you want to smell the blossom, so as to make sure of what it smells—over the hilly, beautifully shaped park.

I find it difficult to imagine what impact this book will have on those whose own experience touches the author's at no point. Envy? Surprise? Hostility? Impatience? Delight? Incredulity? Irritation? A little of all these emotions, perhaps—but hardly indifference or boredom—except occasionally, for a page or two at a time, when the author lingers too lovingly over someone whose interest or charm is intrinsically irrecapturable. It is one of the greatest problems of the memoir-writer, to whom *all* his past and those who people it are equally valuable, to distinguish between those personalities his pen can revive for us, and those it cannot. And I think it must be admitted that, so far, Sir Osbert has made few such mistakes.

Apart from the author's father and some remoter ancestors, the best portraits in this volume are—for reasons I have mentioned—those of servants: Nurse Davis, in particular, and the valet, Henry Moat—a Montaignesque character of great charm and integrity. People of dignity and resource, of humour and idiosyncrasy, these retainers are unthinkable in an age which considers domestic service degrading; but the world of which they were an integral part took its colour as much from their vivid and eccentric personalities as from those of their masters and mistresses. Servant and employer in those days composed a mutually reflective whole, by which each was the richer. That is the truth which lies behind the fact, noted by Sir Osbert, that "servants always like their master to be conventional."

John Piper's evocations of Renishaw are in perfect keeping with the text; beautiful in themselves, they emphasise by a process of romantic exclusion, which follows, in graphic terms, the author's literary method. The detail of a statue, a pinnacle, a window embrasure, is luridly precise; elsewhere all is wrapped in portentous shadow, or fades tragically into what seems like the future. These pictures—like most of Piper's architectural compositions—have a *doomed* quality which suggests the redemption of time pursued so eagerly through these pages.

I have tried to convey the quality of this book rather than to give a catalogue of its contents. Those who have read the memoirs of Robert de Montesquiou—*Les Pas Effacés*—will recognise here a kindred attitude to experience, as well as a similarity of background. But Sir Osbert Sitwell has the advantage over the Comte de Montesquiou in an agreeable absence of affectation which adds greatly to the reality of his picture. His gusto—his enormous enjoyment of his own memories—these are engaging and infectious, and they are a good omen for the remaining volumes of what promises to be a large machine. People who have both feet firmly planted in the new world now in process of emerging from the European inferno of the past ten years, will have neither time nor sympathy for a book like this. Yet even they might pause before the thought that *Left Hand, Right Hand* will be among the last works of its kind to be written for several hundred years to come. I say "among," since a few more such memoirs will no doubt appear in the course of the next decade or two. But then will come an end. It looks as if a new aristocracy were about to be born in Russia, in which case a recurrence of Aksakoff (with whom Sir Osbert Sitwell has a good deal in common) may perhaps be expected round about the year 2145—certainly not before. The prospects where this country is concerned are anybody's guess.

LIONEL CRANFIELD

NATIONALISM AND SELF-DETERMINATION

National Self-Determination. By ALFRED COBBAN. *Oxford Press and Institute of International Affairs.* 15s.

Nationalism and After. By EDWARD HALLETT CARR. *Macmillan.* 3s. 6d.

If one reads these two books with a really "open mind"—that is, if one attempts to examine the problems which the authors deal with and the solutions which they propose as one examines a problem of everyday life, *e.g.*, whether one should let one's flat or field to Mr. X or whether an electric cooker is better than a gas cooker or an Esse cooker better than both—sooner or later one has a strange and uncomfortable experience.

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[*] *Left Hand, Right Hand! Vol. I: The Cruel Month.* By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 15s.

The authors are extremely intelligent persons; they are in the true sense experts in their subject, *i.e.*, they know all that it is possible or necessary to know about what in history and international relations answers to cookers and cooking; in politics Professor Carr, at any rate, has not only professed the science, but has practised and is practising the art of cooking; both combine ingenuity of mind with honesty of intellectual purpose. Consequently, when one begins to read what they have to say about the problems of nationalism and nationality, one has an exhilarating feeling of acquiring knowledge, of the resolution of doubt and mystery, the approach of revelation and enlightenment. And then there seeps into one's mind a feeling of uneasy bewilderment. It is as though the authors had a large blind spot in the centre of their admirable brains, and this blind spot so distorts their mental vision that though most of what they say is true and intelligent, it is set in a framework of unreality and nonsense.

Every age is afflicted with its own peculiar mental blind spot, it has a framework of illusion and nonsense which, when the period has passed, everyone recognises as such and sees to have been one of the disastrous causes of its problems and its miseries, social and individual. The serious politico-historian who attempts to explain contemporary events and find solutions for contemporary problems must attempt to see them, to some extent, *sub specie æternitatis* and so to escape the framework of illusion which his age has clamped upon his mind. Otherwise, he is only hallooing the Gadarene swine down the steep place to destruction.

During the last 100 years Europeans—and to a less extent, perhaps, the inhabitants of other continents—have been hurling themselves down the precipice to the destruction in which we are now all involved, and the devil which has entered into us is largely the most devastating illusion which has ever afflicted the human race: a nonsensical illusion regarding power, and in particular national power. If the time should ever come when human beings once more recover a civilised equilibrium, our beliefs regarding nations, national power, and international relations will appear incredible, for they will be seen by everyone to have been an insane framework of nonsensical illusion which turned the world into a shambles, just as we all to-day see, what Montaigne at the time saw, alone of his contemporaries, that his world was being turned into a shambles by the same kind of savage and insane nonsense applied to religion. Our illusion is that there is some sanctity in states or national states which makes it a law of nature and of their nature that their relations should be determined by power, and that it is either treason or foolish "idealism" to think that law or morality can be made applicable to those relations and therefore to the major interests of Great Powers. Upon this fantastic belief we base the organisation and control of all the intricate relations between Europeans regimented in national communities; with this belief and the logic of insanity Hitler started on the attempt to make Germany all-powerful and to conquer the world; armed with this belief, Stalin, Churchill and Roosevelt are sending their delegates to San Francisco to build a "peace system" in which the anarchical use of its power by the "Great Power" is to be carefully safeguarded and guaranteed; through the distorting spectacles of this belief Professor Carr and Dr. Cobban conscientiously analyse the international history of the last hundred years and prove conclusively how necessary it is to remain insane in a world which by the laws of nature must be insane.

But there is no law of nature that the world *must* be insane; there is no law of nature, as Professor Carr always and Dr. Cobban frequently assume, that the powerful state "inevitably" will and therefore *must* use its power to determine its relations with weak states. It is no more a law of nature that this should be so than that the power of a powerful man (and not law or morality) *must* determine his relations with a small weak man or with a woman or a child. The relations of human beings organised in national communities have not been eternally fixed by God or nature; they are determined and are determinable by man himself, and will be sane or insane according to the sanity or insanity of his own beliefs.

Professor Carr halloos us gallantly to destruction. The power of the Great Power, inevitable and uncontrollable, has made the day of the small state and nationalism a thing of the past. We must look forward to an era in which the "multi-national agglomerations of power" follow their anarchic orbits which God has prescribed for them, because the only real thing in the world of politics is power. A community of nations is an impossibility because power makes "meaningless any conception of equality between members of the international community." If that be the case, why does Professor Carr not believe that a community of individuals in a nation is an impossibility, because power makes meaningless any conception of equality between members of the national community? Or does he?

Dr. Cobban's book is far more analytic than Professor Carr's, and it is a valuable examination of the history and philosophy of nationalism and the doctrine of self-determination. Where he is purely historical and analytical, the nationalistic illusion which is so overwhelming in Professor Carr does not affect his vision. But whenever he considers the problem of "power" in the relations between the Great Power and the small state, he falls a victim to it. There is in his book a tacit assumption that because the powerful state is powerful it must inevitably use its power; that belief in the "rights" of small states is a "prejudice"; that Great Powers have the "right" to maintain their strategic interests and to safeguard their domestic security, whereas small states have no such "right." These assumptions are the very tissue of our contemporary illusion. The rights of small states and Great Powers are, it must be repeated, not determined by God or nature, but by man, by the methods which he adopts (or which his national governments adopt) for regulating the relations between national or multi-national governments and communities. It is within our power to adopt the methods of law or the methods of the Gadarene swine, and the world's future depends upon our choice.

LEONARD WOOLF

ILLICIT THRILLS

And Yet I Like America. By J. L. HODSON. *Gollancz.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

World Still There. By JOHN PUDNEY. *Hollis and Carter.* 6*s.*

Travel is the one rationed enjoyment that money can't buy in wartime. No Soho shop-window offers us its pre-war itinerary at a price: £600, say, for a round trip to Tibet (recommended), £1,000 to anywhere in South America (including passport and hotel bookings), a mere £50 for a Paris or Dublin return which in the café across the way one could probably pick up for twenty-five. We make do with the pretence—not so difficult, perhaps—that Wales and Scotland are foreign countries, or dream wistfully of that Riviera (British type) where among the palm trees assembly rooms take the place of a casino.

No, the racket, so far as there is one, consists in those who do travel legitimately, making the rest of us hop with envy. Men, usually, with missions, they explore where we can't, among mountains and seas and steaks and stockings. They enjoy themselves: just bearable! They refine, they pick and choose, they would prefer (before a view, say, of the Mediterranean) to be at home. For the reader at home, that is hard to swallow. One goes on reading, though, like a schoolboy with a copy of *Fanny Hill*, affecting to be detached, to approve of this and rebut that, as if the whole thing were other than monstrously appealing. *I Like America* would have been the decent title for Mr. J. L. Hodson's travel-diary of five months spent beyond the Atlantic.

And yet I got a thrill out of Mr. Hodson's journeyings and reflections. He wasn't, after all, on every page complaining of the mileage, fashed with hospitality; he went to help on national relations; he wished to understand and be understood; he had the old journalist's knack of interviewing everyone he met from the taximan to the President. His reporting is varied and honest, rather than exciting. He notices the small things that make one's tracks through foreign cities enchanted: the weather, prices in the shops, clothes, clichés, a novel routine. "On frosty days," he remarks in New York, "there's electricity in the air so that if you touch a brass knob a spark may fly or a mild shock be given you. One hears it said that a spark may flash up when two friends shake hands." Here are more casual items jotted down at the end of days when he has been arguing the Negro question, Anglophobia and other topics that need regularly airing:

> The *New York Times* on Boxing Day had 118 pages. Madness.
>
> (In Baltimore.) The Stars and Stripes are much flown—more than we fly the Union Jack.
>
> Taximan passing the White House: "Wish we had Churchill in there 'stead o' that ole bastard."
>
> (Treatment of returned International Brigade men.) He asked: "Were they discriminated against by the Government?" I said I thought not—that a friend of mine who fought in Spain is now a Flight-Lieutenant in the R.A.F. The professor questioning me said: "Gosh, 'that's fine. Here that would never happen. The F.B.I. would see that they were put into work gangs—and not allowed in the armed forces overseas. The State Department calls such men 'Premature anti-Fascists.'"
>
> (Aimée MacPherson.) She told us that she was seventeen and a half before she found God. "I didn't go to Him till I knew He loved me"—and she drew for us a picture of Christ looking for her down a Canadian road and crying: "Aimée! Where are you, Aimée? Oh, there you are!"

Mr. Hodson travelled widely, saw everything from a Roosevelt press conference to a Texas meat-packing plant where a slaughterer kills 300 to 400 hogs an hour. The sheets of his bed were changed every day in New Orleans; he encountered Fascism in Detroit, "the cruellest city in the world." His recurring complaint about America is that, like Whitman, it embraces everything—including barbarism. At the same time Americans are the most neighbourly people in the world, tirelessly strident and young. The Blimpish view of England—that we are a race of cunning diplomats, that we pass our wars on to others, that we are going Red—seems, according to Mr. Hodson, fairly widespread. His book is lively, interested, repetitive, and more valuable, I think, for its *choses vues* than for its one-man Gallup poll of public opinion. We can skip an argument feeling pretty sure that it will reappear on a later page.

They do everything to excess, is the burden of Mr. Hodson's *And Yet*. The glimpses of the New World in *World Still There* include a lift-strike in New York (accepted as an act of God) and the now deserted palace of the Dionne Quins, with its car park that held five thousand. Squadron-Leader Pudney also has a charming account of a visit to a "clip-joint": enjoy it if you don't, as I didn't, know what a clip-joint is. He is appreciative as well as ironical, and I don't think American readers would complain of his being traditionally snooty. His R.A.F. duties have carried him to many places: Iceland (where a dance partner talked about the poetry of Hopkins), Brazil, the Bahamas, Labrador, West Africa, Naples, Normandy and Paris. It is in the pictures of France and French people that these polished impressions touch rather more deeply. "London to Paris Log" reflects, in glancing paragraphs, as the author moves from a tent in Normandy to Paris streets and restaurants, the suppressed affection of years. Handshakes and smiles, a farmhouse omelette, the ignominious haircut of a traitor echo the stresses of resistance. In Paris he drives with Picasso in a jeep: which of the two is more elated it would be hard to say. Paris revisited is obviously for Mr. Pudney the best guarantee of a "world still there." This author, luckier than most, has harvested an enviable crop of memories during the war. He believes in youth, action, the future. One or two passages suggest an almost Wellsian faith in "the engineers." "Leave it to the engineers," says a friend simply. Leave what, though? Everything? It would appear so. But perhaps we shall hear more of this when—and if—Mr. Pudney takes his seat in our post-war House of Commons.

G. W. STONIER

NEW NOVELS AND STORIES

Interim. By R. C. HUTCHINSON. *Cassell.* 7s. 6d.

A Bell for Adano. By JOHN HERSEY. *Gollancz.* 8s. 6d.

I am Lazarus. By ANNA KAVAN. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.

Crilley and Other Stories. By JAMES HANLEY. *Nicholson and Watson.* 7s. 6d.

There is one happy if disreputable moment for a critic—the point at which he recognises that a book is not merely bad (sterile for him) but so bad that his moral indignation (source of so much fertility) begins to stir. Mr. Hutchinson has hung for years in the position of Mohammed's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth. In *Testament* there was much to arouse suspicion, but the ambition was laudably high and the breezy self-confidence was intoxicating. I am told that his other novels left him in much the same dizzy state of suspension. Least enigmatic of writers he, nevertheless, created an involuntary critical enigma. It would be harsh and foolish to suggest that *Interim*, a very bad book indeed, throws a clear retrospective light on its monumental predecessors. It is almost part of the definition of a great writer that he has sometimes failed. And yet the nature of this failure is disquieting. It is not simply a temporary lapse of powers; still less a bold unsuccessful experiment. The book is positively and virulently vulgar; also, and this is the excuse for preoccupation with it, *Interim* is dreadfully representative.

Modern man is in search of a soul, and the demand, like any other, creates a corresponding supply. Since modern man is lazy and gullible (though little different in this from any other man), the suppliers tend to provide cheap, ready-made articles which can be easily assimilated. It is anything but a harmless traffic, since the false substitute is the most formidable of all obstacles to further search. In all this, Buchman seems to be a less complete archetype than a more remote character—pre-war Radio Luxemburg's Happy Philosopher. He was, if you remember, the pattern of the pipe-and-slippers man, with crusted briar and doggy dog. His message? "Well, folk, as I was walking over the hills the other day, a little thought came to me which I want to pass on to all of you. It's that every cloud, no matter how dark, has got a silver lining." I believe he spoke in the interests of a laxative for dogs. On a more modest level the tradition is carried on by a well-known member of the Brains Trust, but the novel has proved the most popular channel of purveyance. On a high and honourable level messages have been expounded through Mr. Graham Greene's Mexican priest and through Mr. Huxley's mystics. But we have also had Maugham's Henry Fonda saint, Cronin's Father Chisholm, Gerald Kerch's Guards sergeants, and even Olaf Stapledon's human dog. There are many more. The nature of these saints and messiahs (though in this Mr. Kerch's are an exception) is that they are all in superficial opposition to the most superficial aspects of modern life. Thus Mr. Hutchinson's Bernard Quindle: "I disadmire (sic!) all coloured vocalists and chromium bars, I dislike women preachers and the whole of Bognor Regis. I do not believe that either Saklatvala or the psychiatrists have put St. Paul and Plato in the shade." And at the passionate height of his verbosity: "It seems to me that love in its essence is positive, it implies a singleness of mind, its strength is something near to violence." Any tipsy commercial traveller in a "good" mood would subscribe to all this. It is simply the official opposition, quite as necessary to modern man as his affection for Bognor Regis and chromium bars.

As for coloured vocalists and psychiatrists (by which I take it psychologists are meant), I doubt whether Mr. Hutchinson or his Quindle have ever listened to the modern folk-songs of New Orleans or understood a word of Freud. It is a typical enough *mélange* of platitude and philistinism. Quindle, need it be added, is a funny little untidy man with six dogs (strange how the canine motive recurs—something archetypal here?)

It is hardly surprising that, with so shallow and fundamentally untruthful a message, the other aspects of the book are in keeping. Here is the heroine:—

> The aged jodhpurs she wore were more than a careful job, the hip-length overall, dirty and frayed at the cuffs, was never a trophy of the January sales. Even her thick brown hair, grossly untidy, showed that no fool had cut it . . .

A bride for the Man in Ratcatcher. Such pseudo-military phrases as "the whole dæmonic issue" are deliberately contrasted with fine writing:—

> We looked, as if her eyes and mine were yoked, between the half-plumed beeches and over brilliant pasture to the tenor grey of the farthest hills, sawn out to fit the answering depth of sun-shot sky; and at each other, understanding.

Words such as "habitude," "griseous" and "frondose" abound. Familiar trick of the inadequate writer is this refusal of a fence:—

> When he came down his face made me think of all the clichés—"haggard," "a man completely changed," "seemed to grow old in one night . . ."

The story, it may as well be said, is of a saintly doctor ("I find it almost intolerable," he said, gathering in his eyes the tarns and the Clucker hills with the clouds' grace and opalescence, "to have all this when men are being burnt and torn to bits"), with a difficult daughter, an aristocratic wife, an Air Force son and the dogs. All die except the daughter, and all come round at the end to the father's disadmirations (the dogs, I think, shared them from the litter).

Fortunately the other three writers under review are a fine contrast to all this kitsch. It is Mr. Hersey's unpretentiousness which makes his book so reputable an achievement. There is no attempt here to propound a world philosophy, and there is no pretension to the creation of a major work of art. The book tells the story of a decent and humane American Amgot official in a small Italian town. It is intended, explicitly and unabashedly, to pose a contemporary problem and to point a moral. The use of the novel form for such extraneous purposes has been often, and often justly, resented—yet I cannot see that Mr. Hersey could have used it more discreetly or with better justification. Judged only as a novel it is well above the sad average. Read, for example the tragic little anthropological passage describing the prisoners' return to Adano and the greeting they receive from their women. "Some of the women with dead husbands embraced the first men they reached, just to taste a little of this sensation that they had wanted so much. But the men rejected them and went looking for their own." Victor Joppolo is broken by the savage conceit of a divisional commander, yet the book is not pessimistic. There is no attempt to whitewash the American Army, but the general picture is not unnaturally and, from

PUBLICATION APRIL 26

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Basil Blackwell

my own experience, not undeservedly sympathetic.

In Anna Kavan and James Hanley both the intention and the achievement are a great deal higher. Quite unlike Mr. Hutchinson, they represent the true opposition, the eternal opposition of honest creative art.

Miss Kavan is more conscious of her enemy, and her weakness is to simplify by solidifying a force which is formidable, largely because it is amorphous. She is a very good and sensitive writer. All her stories deal with different forms of neurosis and psychosis, either sympathetically from the outside or most painfully from the inside. I find that in her more kafkaesque mood the bureaucratic enemy is too simple a representative of forces which are infinitely subtle and heterogeneous. But her hatred is noble and well-directed, even if her pity is a more moving emotion. This is not a case book, but a true and terrible picture of an aspect of every life. The story called *A Picture* is a beautiful example of her power, a nightmare experience—subjective? objective?—the two merge here into a mystery which needs no more than sensibility to feel. Mr. Agate's remedy for these victims of shellshock or psychotic trauma is—less whisky, more golf and a slap on the behind. How amiably reliable is this inveterate mouthpiece of roadhouse opinion.

Mr. Hanley, always an honest and thoughtful writer, seems to me to have made a sensational advance in his latest book. To his unusual talent for narrative and description he has added an ironic insight which is reminiscent of Julia Strachey. His sailors are as much in opposition as Miss Kavan's neurotics, but it is the robust and impudent opposition of a strange element. They are not hearty (and it is a triumph that they are not) but poetic, self-sufficient wanderers. There is the drunken sailor lying in the lounge of a seaside hotel, surrounded by the dank and faded guests. There is the hard-drinking, courting sailor, splendidly taking or leaving the girls. There is Crilley, the butler, more subtly anarchical than any of the sailors, withholding his power to overthrow the fixed hierarchy of his house, and thereby overthrowing it all the more ruinously. Finally, it should be said that Mr. Hanley is as good as anyone at old women. I take him to be one of the best story-writers in this country.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 3*s.* per line (average 6 words) per insertion. Box numbers 1*s.* extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tuesday, early insertion not guaranteed.

IN MILTON'S DAY

A Seventeenth-Century Country Gentleman.

By E. A. B. BARNARD. *Heffer.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I suppose some might call Sir Francis Throckmorton a drone, one of the idle rich, a member of the seventeenth-century landed gentry, of no consequence to his time or posterity. His were momentous years in English history: the decapitation of the first Charles, Cromwell, Roundheads and Cavaliers, Milton and *Paradise Lost*, the triumphant return of the second Charles—and the subject of Mr. Barnard's study seems to be little concerned in any of these. His father, at least, had been knighted by Charles I for his active service in the Royalist cause. All that Sir Francis has to show for his connection with public affairs is his appointment in 1673 of Cupbearer in Ordinary to Queen Catherine of Braganza, the wife of Charles II. For the rest, throughout the turbulent years between 1640 and 1680 which his life spanned, he did little more than spend some time at Cambridge, marry somewhat unfortunately, dance, visit around the country, play at tennis and cards, beget four children and, dying at the early age of thirty-nine, leave a will which was contested in a court of law. Presumably no more would have been heard of him, had it not been for his steward, the admirable James Smyth, who from 1653 to 1659 kept a detailed account of his master's expenditure which has been preserved.

Now Mr. Barnard has reconstructed this minor nobleman's life from these accounts and a certain amount of subsequent research, and produced a document of some importance just because his subject is more or less a nonentity. We can never altogether trust the lives of the great to give us a clear picture of their time; because they are the exception they can never be truly representative. On the other hand, what is called atmosphere in historical films or novels is necessary to our understanding of any period. It is the little, trivial details of life that make it real to us. We remember King Alfred best because he burnt the cakes, and Drake because he played bowls when the Armada was sighted. We want to know what clothes people wore, their habits and customs, what they ate for breakfast, how they spent their leisure. Without these, the great events, dates, place names, personalities tend to become, for the general reader, so much dead print in history books. But it gives us a thrill to read for example that in 1654 Sir Francis Throckmorton paid three shillings for a pair of shoes and eight shillings for a pair of gloves, or that a coachman's lodgings in an Oxford inn came to three shillings a night, while the stable and fodder for his horse was more than twice as expensive: item, 6*s.* 8*d.* This, to modern minds, odd scale of values creates the pattern in which the great events, Cromwell and his Roundheads, Milton and his *Paradise Lost*, come to life.

Sir Francis Throckmorton's short and uneventful life was typical of the established feudal social order, against which the 1640 rebellion struck the first blow. Too early, for, as Sir Francis's life shows, it went on even under the Protectorate, and came back in grand style with the Restoration. The country gentleman dined and wined, read a little, resided at one of his several estates, spent a great deal of his time in visiting and gambling. He went to a university at an early age, usually about fourteen, where, according to modern conceptions, his life was a strange mixture of the schoolboy's and the undergraduate's. (Sir Francis at Cambridge was given an allowance for gambling debts, but seems to have applied sack and ale mainly externally, to wash his eyes.) He spent a great deal of money in tipping and giving presents to the poor, and the church bells were rung to mark his progress when he was travelling, and in particular his arrival at or departure from his estate.

The picture painted by Mr. Barnard's account is extremely clear. He has confined himself rigidly to the facts discovered by his researches; but at the same time he has invested them with the sympathetic imaginative quality of his mind so that his story is kept continually vivid and interesting. Here is a sample of the method he uses in transcribing Smyth's accounts—this on Sir Francis' wedding day:

> There were also more great flourishes of trumpets for these joyous visitors, Francis giving 10*s.* to a set of trumpets, and £1 10*s.* to several companies of trumpets and music. Altogether it must have been somewhat of a wedding pandemonium, to which was added the pleading of the poor, who got 4*s.* amongst them. . . . Two days later Francis went back to his chambers somewhere near the Old Bailey, where he drank ale and packed his trunks, this time keeping the coachman waiting for four hours.

This is a book to read and keep; an evident labour of love on the author's part which is repaid by the enjoyment and instruction which the reader will get out of it.

W. P. RILLA

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow readers to post this paper to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but readers are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

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The Civil Service: Its Problems and Future.
By E. N. Gladden. *Staples.* 10s. 6d.

Dr. Gladden's study is most timely. With the end of World War II in sight, our social conscience turns to the immense questions of reconstruction. It will be the task of the Civil Service to administer our lives from the cradle to the grave. Dr. Gladden was wise to concentrate on the pre-war structure of the Civil Service, though the new social services will vastly enlarge its numbers, not to mention the new problems arising from the civil administration of defeated Germany.

The author writes judiciously. He gives a sketch of the slow historical evolution of British administration, he discusses recruitment, promotion, control, staff co-operation (to which he has already devoted a larger book), and he suggests also a scheme of "reform." Needless to say that, considering the vastness of the subject, one cannot agree with all the solutions that Dr. Gladden proposes, *e.g.*, he seems inclined to take Lord Hewart's famous challenge to the Civil Service too easily. The Parliamentary control of the Civil Service is a crucial test of the survival of democracy. Nor does the author do full justice to the human aspect of the bureaucratic danger. Here we still have a lot to learn from De Tocqueville and Max Weber. All the same, the book is an invaluable outline of the whole complex of questions connected with the Civil Service. Useful statistics, and a selected bibliography, support Dr. Gladden's argument.

Week-end Competition

No. 794

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Prizes of four guineas are offered for the best English versions of the following poem. Entries by April 24th.

RENOUVEAU

Le printemps maladif a chassé tristement
L'hiver, saison de l'art serein, l'hiver lucide,
Et dans mon être à qui le sang morne préside
L'impuissance s'étire en un long bâillement.
Des crépuscules blancs tiédissent sous mon crâne
Qu'un cercle de fer serre ainsi qu'un vieux tombeau
Et, triste, j'erre après un rêve vague et beau,
Par les champs où la sève immense se pavane
Puis je tombe énervé de parfums d'arbres, las,
Et creusant de ma face une fosse à mon rêve,
Mordant la terre chaude où poussent les lilas,
J'attends, en m'abîmant que mon ennui s'élève . . .
—Cependant l'Azur rit sur la haie et l'éveil
De tant d'oiseaux en fleur gazouillant au soleil.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 791

Set by Saint-Loup

Every month one picture from the National Gallery is brought to be exhibited in London. Competitors are invited to write eight lines on the particular picture they would like to see thus displayed.

Report by Saint-Loup

Among the pictures preferred are The Wilton Diptych, *Philip IV*, the Piero *Nativity*, Leonardo's *Virgin of the Rocks*, Bellini's Doge, Sassetta's *St. Francis*, a Sassoferrato Madonna, Hogarth's *Shrimp Girl*, a Chardin Still Life, Reynolds's *Age of Innocence* and Cherub Heads, a Corot and *Derby Day*. Two competitors chose the *Primavera*, which belongs to the Uffizi. Discarding with particular regret two entries in French by E. F. C. and W. J. Strachan, I recommend that the prizes be divided between the authors of the verses printed below.

Seeming mistrustful of her solemn groom,
A fish-like burgher, stands a timid bride;
A magic mirror, sparkling in the gloom,
Reflects the glimmer of a world outside.
A tranquil picture of a little room,
Signed with the flourish of a conscious pride.
Five hundred years have not produced the like
Of *Arnolfini*, limned by John van Eyck.

LESLIE JOHNSON

ST. JOHN ON THE ISLAND OF PATMOS

Impressed, so strong his vision, on the air,
Imaginary monsters leave the lair
The prophet keeps for them; how strangely hurled
Symbolically about his private world!
Behind him and about, in lovely forms
Eternally remote from prophet's storms,
And cool and sharp-defined its atmosphere,
The private world of Master Patinir.

TERENCE MELICAN

THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT SEBASTIAN
BY ANTONIO POLLAIUOLO

Aloof upon his rood the saint
Wounded to death without complaint;
Professional, aloof, below
The archers bending back or bow;
His white, theirs brown, the bodies strain,
Theirs rapt with action, his with pain;
He looks on heaven: behind him dream,
Domestic, poplar, hill and stream.

R. J. P. HEWISON

PIERO DI COSIMO'S DEATH OF PROCRIS

Procris, whom Cephalus loved, lies low.
Wounded to death, yet not to die.
For Piero's magic could bestow
A Pagan immortality.

Gay flowering mead, blue hills beyond, —
For mourners true the earth-bound brute—
A shaggy faun, a faithful hound,
Keep watch beside her, solemn, mute.

SIR ROBERT WITT

VELAZQUEZ'S VENUS AND CUPID

Here on a couch Velazquez Venus lies,
Contented languor in her mirrored eyes:
Pure ivory flesh, touched up with warmer tints,
In swelling curves her wanton beauty hints:
Plump pandar Cupid, with lascivious gaze,
Her secret charms, from others hid, surveys,
Holding the mirror in a hand discreet,
To whet, not satisfy, man's amorous heat.

ALLAN M. LAING

MADONNA AND CHILD, BY PINTURICCHIO

Lady, 'tis not your grace that fills
My soul with longing, I must own,
But just to slip behind your throne
And walk among those tumbled hills
And slender trees, erect, austere,
That fleck with tiny leaves the blue;
I mean no disrespect to you,
But simply want to pic-nic there.

L. E. J.

Botticelli's Mars and Venus,
How long is it since they've seen us?
Come again, bejewelled goddess,
Clad in white and golden bodice—
Here's the masterpiece that matters,
Mars asleep, while playful satyrs
(One by blowing on a shell)
Attempt to rouse the infidel—
Others may have other stars,
Bring back Venus, bring back Mars!

GERALD SUMMERS

CRIVELLI'S ANNUNCIATION

Gabriel brings down the Word that Mary dowers
And folds his wings before the wondering maid,
Gentle-eyed, delicate-fingered, half-afraid—
As in an illuminated Book of Hours;
A mannered picture, azure all and gold. . .
The world was young when Mary God conceived,
And men's hearts so were young—and men believed;
Now, the light lessens and the world grows old.

WILLIAM BLISS

AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE & ELECTRIC
AIRCRAFT EQUIPMENT

The twenty-fifth ordinary general meeting of the Automatic Telephone and Electric Co., Limited, will be held at Liverpool on April 19.

The following is an extract from the statement of the chairman, Sir Alexander Roger, K.C.I.E., circulated with the report:

The profit on trading is £279,206, compared with £255,437, and net profit is £226,678, compared with £212,312. The directors recommend a final dividend of 7 per cent. on the ordinary stock, making 10 per cent. for the year, plus a cash bonus of 2½ per cent., and a dividend of 10 per cent. on the deferred stock and shares plus a bonus of 2½ per cent., all subject to tax.

You will have noticed during February the release of details regarding the Distant Reading Compass which, by combining the advantages of the gyroscope with those of the magnetic compass needle, has provided a degree of reliability and adaptability under operational conditions which has proved a tremendous factor in the success of bombing. This amazing aid to air navigation was designed for mass production by your company. Among other items are the Automatic Pilot known affectionately as "George," aircraft radio, Piezo Crystals, aircraft wiring and many other forms of electrical equipment.

Due to E.P.T. the sum available for dividends and reserves has not increased to any great extent. This is symptomatic of British industry and illustrates the heavy financial burdens which have to be carried. I, with chairmen of other companies, have been expressing the urgency of a re-examination of our taxation structure if British industry is not to find itself at a financial disadvantage vis-a-vis its overseas competitors.

Company Meeting
VICKERS LIMITED

The annual general meeting of Vickers Limited was held on April 4th in London, Mr. A. A. Jamieson (the chairman) presiding.

The following is an extract from the chairman's speech:

The issue of the White Paper on statistics relating to the war effort enables me to give further information than I have heretofore been permitted to do. I think I can say that ours is a good record of a great British institution, and I underline "British institution" because the stock of your company is held by no less than 55,000 individual members of the public.

At the outbreak of war our group employed just over 95,000 persons. During the war we reached a peak of 170,000 in 1943, and at the end of last year the number was 145,500.

Nearly 20,000 of our former employees have joined His Majesty's Forces. Our salary and wages bill for the period 1939-1944 was in excess of £214,000,000.

In our shipyards we have built 188 ships, including the battleship King George V and the aircraft-carriers Illustrious, Victorious and Indomitable. Our contribution to the aircraft industry, both before and during the war, is well known. Our "Wellington" bomber, and our "Spitfire" of immortal fame, need no words of praise from me, but I am proud to tell you to-day that we have constructed over 28,000 new aircraft and repaired over 9,000 in addition.

We have had the satisfaction of seeing the development work we put into our "Valentine" tank before the war fit it to play an important part in some of the war's most critical days. We have manufactured over 6,200 tanks and many other vehicles. We are also proud of the part we played in the design and production of those great 12,000lb. bombs which have penetrated the U-boat pens and sank the Tirpitz, and of their big brethren, the 22,000-pounders; and also of our part in the destruction of the Mohne and Eder dams.

We have produced over 14,000 guns of various types for the Navy and over 150,000 guns for the other Services, and our ammunition production has been on a great scale. We have supplied the primary armament for the battleships and cruisers completed for the British Navy during the war, and have manufactured and erected on site the heavy coast defence artillery guarding the Straits of Dover.

But the fact in which we all of us may feel legitimate pride is that, so far as lay in our power, we were at our action stations on September 3rd, 1939, ready and prepared, and have been there ever since. During that time it has been our unceasing effort to "Give them the tools," and nobly have the Services used those tools.

Stockholders realise that two most important and urgent matters demand the attention of the managements of your companies as soon as possible after the war. These are, first, the rehabilitation and repair of buildings and plant and, secondly, the reorganisation of lay-outs to make them suitable and efficient for post-war manufacture. During the war period every effort has been made to maintain buildings and plant in as satisfactory a condition as labour and available materials have permitted, but much in the way of deferred repairs remains to be done before we will be satisfied that our pre-war standard of maintenance has been achieved. As to the reorganisation of works and plant, this is a subject which is engaging the careful attention of your board and managements, and authorisation has already been given for expenditure in certain directions.

The report was adopted and a final dividend of 6 per cent. (less tax), making 10 per cent. for the year, was declared on the Ordinary stock.

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